

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Original Poetry.

OUR TRUNDLE-BED.

BY L. W.

Guardian angels 'round me singing,
Fill my soul with calm delight,
As the echoes of their music
Floats across the starry night.
I can hear the same low voices
Wafted on the balmy air,
Bringing back the scenes of childhood,
And a mother's evening prayer;
Kneeling down beside her darlings
In their little trundle-bed,
Softly with our blended voices
Nightly thus our prayers were said.
Now again as in my childhood,
Though the sands of life are low,
I can catch the solemn cadence
Of that voice of long ago,—
Hear again the same low whisper
As of old when prayers were said,
And a mother knelt beside us
In our little trundle-bed.
Years have passed—and many passions
Swept across life's troubled wave,
But a mother's holy teachings
Come with power her child to save.
And I wait as in my childhood
When the vesper time has come,
For the low and solemn music
Wafted round my mountain home;
Hear again the same sweet voices
As of old when prayers were said,
And a mother hushed her darlings
In their lowly trundle-bed.

Prophecy in Poetry.

Seventy years ago, Joel Barlow, then American Minister to France, in a poem called "The Canal," uttered this apostrophe:

"Ah, speed thy labors sage of unknown name;
Rise into flight and seize thy promised fame,
For thee the chymic powers their bounds expand!
Imprison'd lightnings wait thy guiding hand,
Unnumbered messengers in viewless flight!
Shall bear thy mandates with the speed of light."

His lineal descendant, Warren Sumner Barlow, in 1871, thus records the fulfillment of that prophetic effusion, in the following extract from his "Voice of Prayer," page 24th:

"The lightning from the clouds was caught,
And vitalized with living thought!
Our Franklin reined the flaming steed,
While Morse subdued him to our need,
Whose heart propels electric fires,
Around the world on slender wires!"

In the same poem beginning on page 29th, is also a prophecy in the following lines:

"The prayers of our fathers were more than they seemed,
When the sunshine of Liberty over them beamed;
For when they proclaimed equal rights throughout earth,
Our Goddess conceived, and ere long will give birth.

For her labor and pain foreshadow the morn
When Freedom the child of her love will be born.
Then laws will protect every child of the sod,
And know no distinction, like Nature and God.
Then man will in peace and in purity grow,
Without the intrusion of "Why do ye so?"
Our honest convictions like sunbeams will greet,
And many-toned colors will blend as they meet;
Then all will be judged by the standard of worth,
Regardless of wealth, or distinction of birth.
Our churches wide open, divested of creeds,
Will mould their instruction to man's highest needs;
Their lessons of wisdom will teach self-control—
A health-giving fountain to body and soul.
The gospel of love will with laws interblend,
In union with deeds, for a glorious end;
With one common brotherhood under the sun,
All union of interests center in one.
Our natures expanded by freedom of thought,
Though all become teachers, all seek to be taught;
Yet thought in its channel, like rivers will flow,
To the Ocean of Truth as still onward we go;
Till the Banner of Peace and Good Will is unfurled,
To all Oceans and Lands that encircle the world!
That all these rich blessings may bloom everywhere,
Let Nations unite in effectual Prayer."

May the wheels of progress be so directed
That this prophecy by W. S. Barlow was
more speedily fulfilled than that of his honored
ancestor.

The Illustrated Australian News remarks:—"Spiritualism, notwithstanding the ridicule which assails it, and the many absurd things which are said and done in its name, continues to enlarge its circle of believers, and service is now regularly performed in a large building in Lonsdale street, which is filled every Sunday morning. There is but little in the creed itself to provoke the antagonism of the church. It is calculated, despite its seeming impossibilities, to make a certain section of society who believe in nothing but Materialism step beyond the narrow bounds of a cold philosophy, and come nearer, therefore, to the church. Yet, strange enough, the clergy of all denominations, are its fiercest assailants, and if only pamphlets and sermons would accomplish it, Spiritualism, as a new faith, would have long ago died and been buried. As it is, the opposition of the church appears to give it increased vitality, and there is no question but that it is largely extending its circle of believers in this country."

RELIGION AND MORALITY.

A Lecture by Anna M. Middlebrook, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, Delivered Before the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia.

[Phonographically Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, by Henry T Child, M. D.]

The year that is dying has grown weary with the weight of those great subjects that have been forced into it.

Those who dwell above you in the angel world, have caught the impulse of this heavy burden that has been laid upon the old year, and by a slow and deliberate consideration have arrived at conclusions respecting those great subjects. You must be aware that when a man becomes inspired with a great idea, and his mind is sufficiently positive to give force and extent to that idea, that society becomes, in a measure, magnetized with the subject, and mankind, one after another, reach out and grasp it, first, perhaps, to condemn it, afterwards to consider it, and bring it up from time to time and treat it for a while as an enemy, then to see another side to the question, and oftentimes they adopt just the sentiment they have condemned. It has been so in regard to many subjects that have been pressed upon the human mind during the past year. The world has felt the agitation of thought that comes from these subjects, and all who are susceptible to the inspiring influences of the day, must think of them in one way or another. It is a remarkable fact that those persons who see first of all an idea that will prove beneficial to mankind in all coming time, are almost invariably set up as targets, and people do all they can to murder them. They are slandered, reviled and persecuted for daring to understand something sooner than other people, and he or she must be brave indeed, who ventures to announce a new truth to the world.

You know that when Spiritualism made its advent, it was reviled and persecuted, because it was an innovator, yet it kept its onward march, breaking down a pathway and bearing individuals along with it, and now, in the commencement of the year 1872, we find the millions of human beings. Mankind can perceive that which was imperceptible before, at stated periods and under peculiar circumstances.

While mankind closed their spiritual eyes they could not see this light. Spiritualism was called an innovator because it advanced a new religious sentiment. The inhabitants of the spirit-world, who had gone out there, said they did not find things as they had been represented. They did not find a God seated on a great white throne, the awful Judge who smiled upon the righteous, and frowned with fierce anger upon the wicked. They have been searching for years of our time, and still they found no personal God, as they had been taught they would. It was perfectly natural that they should say that we had been mistaken, and now, only that which we can demonstrate, will we accept as a rational faith, and so they said "we will return and teach mankind the truth in regard to these things." After analyzing their own characters, they found that there was no such thing as getting religion from an outside source, and that he could not change his character to a saint, from an absolute sinner, by mere repentance and prayer. And they found that religion was within their lives, as a growth, and not outside of them; that there were no churches in the other world—that is, no special houses in which to worship God—in fact, they found no God to worship, such as had been described to them.

So, out of Spiritualism there came, as a natural necessity, that which was absolutely the dawn of a new religious sentiment. I do not say that there will grow up out of this dispensation what has been in the past esteemed as a system of religion—it being a power that brings out from the inner life the religion that humanity possesses,—and not the power that brings by means of a foreign influence a religion into the soul. It cannot result, as the old religious ideas have, in building up sectarianism and in building churches in which to worship God after the old manner. We find that as a man thinketh so he is to a vast extent. If he sees only crime, and wrath, and evil in his brother man; if he cultivates that spirit that can look upon others as inferior to himself, he will grow like unto the spirit that he cultivates.

The influence of the God, that you have been taught was a God of wrath, has made humanity wrathful. You say that these men are evil, deceitful, prone to do evil constantly, totally depraved,—there is no good in them. The old religious system teaches that God is angry with the wicked every day, and if there is none good, none righteous, then God is angry all the time. This has led mankind to look upon others as if they were not to be trusted; as though we should be cautious in regard to our associates. We must look upon them as only wicked and deserving the frowns of a righteous God, and our own frowns also. Thus the spirit of inharmoniousness has been cultivated by that which was called religion. I cannot say that there is such a thing as false religion,—it is a misuse of terms, but it has been applied to those systems in the past.

Many persons believe that God has revealed himself to man only through a certain book, and there are very many different opinions concerning that book, and these have been the means of separating society. One has gone this way and another has gone that way, until there are the various sects that have arisen out of these differences, and men, instead of having true fraternal feelings, true love and harmony for each other, have been led to look with distrust and suspicion. We read in the Bible, "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood by man

shall his blood be shed," and our civil laws have followed this, and hence the gallows and the jail are symbols of this religion. Society has acted upon the principle that man was born a murderer and a thief, so he must be either hung or shut up in dungeons. We must keep our eyes upon him, for we may not trust him. We must have restraining laws. The Bible said that in the beginning woman was tempted and she tempted man, and this entailed upon her posterity her wrong, her crime and her misery, and so they have said she was an inferior being, and, of course, original sin rested upon her, and she must be kept down. We must frame different laws for her government. We are told that we must never forget that woman was first tempted, and became the tempter of man; so this religious proposition has been a mighty weight that has lain like a heavy burden upon the elevation of woman, in a moral, political and social point of view, as well as religiously; she has been forced into subjection by virtue of those laws, that if we could trace them far enough back, we would see originated in this old Bible idea.

This disposition of looking to the past, and clinging to its old forms, is unworthy of this age, unworthy of our acceptance. We want to deliberate upon the mighty forces of nature, and the influences which shall last as long as life and eternity shall last. This requires the consideration of mighty minds, that they may so regulate and retain these codes for future guidance, that men may not be ashamed to be governed by them. Science then says to us, you will never find God if you search for him in the ages of the past. They have handed down to you all the wisdom that they had accumulated, and the wisdom of the nineteenth century declares that you will never find a personal God. And those who in spirit-world can reach down their helping hands to mortals agree in saying, that no such personal God has been found! No great white throne! No angry God! No final day of judgment!

If we exercise the common sense that is given to us, it requires nothing more than this: Religion is that which grows out of men's souls and their necessities. As a child looks upon a smiling flower and is pleased with its tenuous feeling. So of religion. Men love it for its beauty as it springs up spontaneously; like the flower, which draws its nourishment from the sunlight and the air, so a spontaneous feeling of worship rises up in the human soul. Every human soul, if left untrammelled, would thus worship the good and the true that is in and around them. Some one says, "Is this all? Are we to have nothing more for a system of religion than this spontaneous love of the good and the true?"

We say the world will be a thousand times better off when we drop all the systems of religion, and know no system but that which comes from the human heart, which works out in love and thus moulds and forms the character. The world will have a better influence from this source than it ever had from any other.

By the old systems of religion, men have been converted and re-converted, but we have never found a man that was permanently converted. True religion is all that is needed in the world, and man is, by nature, a religious being, and this is the only basis of religion. It teaches how to act toward our fellow men. It reveals to us the great duties of life. It teaches us to act toward others as we would have others act toward us. It teaches us, as the best and highest lesson of life, to be true to ourselves, and to all others with whom we come in contact. It teaches us that nature has given us all things necessary for our growth and development. It teaches us what we need continually to learn, so that there may be a constant development and progression.

It does not teach us that we can, or should all believe alike. We are all teachers and pupils, and may teach each other and learn of one another. Thus we have a responsibility in our religion. The central thought will be like the sweet intercourse that is held between brothers and sisters, in the most harmonious relations of the family.

There are many who feel opposed to going back into the past. The past is gemmed with stars,—full of coronations of truth. The world has been filled with these sparkling gems and they glitter upon the brows of the wise men, set in their crowns of glory. We may all find these in the past revelations. There are many of these precious gems in the Bible; these truths that come up just as flowers do out of the black soil, with their beauty, their varied tints. We live in a glorious age—an age in which all the blessing of the past may be combined with those of the present, and they make the religion of to-day grander than that of any past age. We want nothing more than a natural religion,—a rational religion. A revealed religion is good for nothing, except so far as it blends with nature, and thus becomes a natural religion.

In considering what is morality, it will be necessary to refer to the past codes that have been called moral. Men have said, "We must be cautious in our intercourse with others, for we do not know but that they are born murderers, or thieves, or some other kind of criminals, and consequently, we are only safe when we are walled in and hedged about with civil laws as well as moral laws,—and it is necessary that we should have codes of morality—absolute codes set up as a guide-board to those who might otherwise go astray." Now, how did these moral codes originate? They originated in man's mind—they grew out of man's sentiment. He fancied that in order to live well he must do God's will, and in order that we may not be injured by persons who may not be disposed to live right, we must set up a

standard of morality and compel men to obey that standard. You will perceive that man originated these codes; that God had nothing to do with them.

You know that the code of morals laid down in the Mosaic dispensation is not adapted to this enlightened age. Solomon, the wise man, would compare with Brigham Young. So you see it will not do for men to go very far back when they are talking of morality, and you can see that the moral codes have grown out of men's understanding; that men, by combining their opinions and sentiments according to the locality and circumstances of their lives, have produced their moral codes, and these are the especial manifestations of certain localities and certain prevailing opinions. Go back but twenty years and compare the North and the South, and you will find that their codes of morals were widely different. In the North dueling was not tolerated; in the South it was not considered honorable to refuse to do this. This is sufficient to show that morals depend very largely upon locality, circumstances and birth. It is made up of the prevailing sentiments of the day and country.

I do protest, with all my soul, against that code of morals that says to ever man, you are so vile that you must be chained like a wild beast; it will not answer for you to be free. You must seek a moral standard for yourself. What do you think when you go into a menagerie and see a lion secured in a cage with bars of a certain strength, and another with those that are a great deal stronger? Do you not infer that the latter animal is more ferocious than the former; that these stronger bolts and bars are for safety? You know it does not change the character of the animal to put him into the cage. You know that a child was never made more patient and amiable by the free use of the rod. You may restrain the child and make it afraid of you, but you do not change its nature. You may make it submit, but you do not make it any more truly obedient; neither do you change the nature of the lion by enclosing him in a cage. Man comes into existence, then, with these iron bars around him. Society says to him, you are an animal, must be chained, and it will not do to let you go free.

morality will depend upon the prevailing changes society stands. During the past century there has been growing within the minds of the people of this nation, a broader love for freedom. It came up like a little flower, but it grew mightily. It was thought to be a giant of marvelous power when the old Independence bell in your city rang out its peals for freedom on the air a century ago. It is but a few years since men were gagged and muzzled in their speech, and those who loved freedom were compelled to feel the galling chains pierce their flesh. Yet this spirit of freedom grows and will not be put down; it is becoming a giant in its mighty power and influence. To-day the social questions, that of labor and capital, the question of temperance are before the world, and the spirit of freedom is stirring the people with its giant power, and the code of morals is undergoing a change, and it will be adapted to the necessities of the present day; it will gradually be changed to meet these.

Man, as a physical, an intellectual and a spiritual being, is moving forward and in this nineteenth century the higher attributes of his nature are coming out, and so whatever may be the code of morality to-day, the spirit of freedom, which is among the people, will require it to advance. Reason demands the investigation of all things; she insists that we shall enter upon this without fear. The time is coming when it will be considered that those marriages that bring into the world human beings that are filled with disease, which they must carry with them through this life are not moral, and the sin rests like a fearful weight upon society to-day. It has been said that Spiritualism favors divorces; that among those who are believers in Spiritualism there are more divorces than among other classes. Let us examine this subject. We must take into consideration the fact that woman has been considered as an inferior being. It is not very many years since man came to the conclusion that women and negroes have souls, but since the chain has been broken off the negro, perhaps by and by woman may also become free. You know the moral code of to-day makes it an unpardonable sin for woman to commit an act, or even permit a man to do it, which is no sin for him, no bar to his going into the most respectable society. When we consider that woman is often placed in a position in which she seems to be compelled either to starve or sin, and that the man who thus takes advantage of her position, is not held as a criminal, we may see what the moral code is.

In our present marriage system, women have been held as mere tools in the hands of their masters. I do not speak of the position in which man places woman in marriage,—but I speak of her legal position, being given to man as an article of property, not a responsible human being, the mother of coming generations. Consider all this and then answer whether or not the code of morals that has been in existence has not made it perfectly consistent for a woman to seek a husband to protect her and give her a home.

Then when you realize the mighty truth that comes sweeping over you to-day, that men have the right to be born well, to receive from their parents when they are ushered into existence, a well developed brain and body, a harmonious organization, one fitted to be able to grapple with the tempests of life, and when they come to take the responsibilities that they are compelled to take, that they may be able to bear them cheerfully. When we consider all these things, do you not see that the natural and legitimate results of the Spiritualistic

teachings, have been to show woman that she is, and should be, the equal of man,—destined to walk hand in hand with him, and to bear a part of the burdens and responsibilities, and not to be trifled with and held as irresponsible? It is not to be wondered at that the women who embrace Spiritualism, seeing the past condition, should bring about a revolt and declare that they will be recognized in their true and natural positions.

Spiritualism was not at fault for this. It is true, the light that Spiritualism brought into her soul, led her to see that she was a responsible being, and must be free from this subjection; so to-day this spirit is growing, and extending wider and wider in the community.

Out of 1700 divorces in four years, there were 1100 of them applied for by women. This shows the undercurrent. It is not because our code of morals is becoming more licentious; it is because humanity cries aloud from its inmost depths for freedom; that that which is sin in one is sin in another; that that one cannot be lifted up and borne aloft by society, while the other is crushed under foot.

There are those that, if one becomes tempted and commits an error, draw their garments closely around them and cry sin and shame! I would not trust that woman out of my sight, that would be the first to raise a hue and cry against her fallen sister, saying, I am holier than thou.

There is a spirit that reigns in our day; it reigns, perhaps, most of all in the heart of woman that has been petted in the laps of luxury; who has never earned anything for herself. Society, by its code of morals, has made every one of us immortal; perhaps bound us to ties in which the holy name of love is never known. What are we then better than our sisters whom we say have fallen. Strange, is it not; that the highest, holiest and noblest powers and elements of the human soul are perverted and bring guilt and destruction on us. Can not those who are not weak in themselves, look in the mirror of their own souls and find there the materials for building up a code of morals which will not lead us into error, but leave us free, that will result in those marriages of noble men and women that do not curse society?

Let us have health and happiness, purity of life.

BENEDICTION.

May the love that is worthy of an angel's life, a life that results from such love be most divinely yours, to have and to hold evermore.

Unity.

BRO. JONES:—The article in the JOURNAL from A. E. Doty breathes forth a calm and good spirit. I feel impelled to sanction and recommend its tone. It will be so odd, too, for my name is also Doty. We cannot afford to be divided, our work is too great, and the necessity for united labor too pressing. When the soldier attempted the life of Washington, he refused to have him executed, saying "I have not a man to lose." So I feel; we have not a brother or sister to lose. We are all good in our way. We are also liable to be warped by our temperaments or interests. I have not taken up my pen to sit in judgment on my superiors; but while we argue against the errors and mistaken opinions of our co-laborers, and this we must do, let us do it with arguments and not with heated epithets. While I differ from the positions of many, I feel to tolerate all, and hate none. Twice did one of our co-laborers publish to the world, "I hold out the olive-branch of peace." I had no differences, but I watched in sorrow to see no responsive grasping of the soul to throw the pall of forgetfulness over the past, and erect an altar of reciprocal love. I do not know as you will deem these aspirations for unity needed or desirable for your columns, but if you do, I wish other papers would catch up the thought and pass it around. Times of emergency are about to press upon us. We may be divided in sentiment, but must not be in effort. A magnetism of hate or repulsion will not only retard our progress, but throw a barrier between us and the angels who work through us. Let us take the initiative in trying at least to place everything on a harmonious basis. Let us have no Little Bethel fights, in firing upon our own men, because in the darkness we take them for foes. Our common enemy is superstition, ignorance and conceit. We will work hand in hand for their downfall, never forgetting the watch-word of UNITY.

Atkinson, Ill., May 27th, '72. C. H. D.

HAMMOND, in his revival sermons, said that it was a remarkable fact that an unusual number of sudden deaths followed all great revivals. If he told the truth, the natural inference is, that the sudden deaths are the direct results of the revivals. If so, would not the public authorities be justified, as a sanitary precaution, in suppressing great revivals?—White Cloud (Kan.) Chief.

MRS. ADDIE L. BALLOU delivered three lectures at Mechanicsburgh, Ohio, last week. She has a three month's engagement at Springfield, Ohio.

"Ah, parson, if I could only take my gold with me!" sighed a dying deacon to his pastor. "If you could, it might melt!" was the consoling reply.

A SPIRITUALISTIC journal, published in Australia, says that Gladstone, the English Prime Minister, is a firm and faithful believer in that doctrine, and knows himself to be spiritually inspired in all his great works of political progression. Evidently, he is prompted by English spirits with English ideas of progression.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

DEAR BRO. JONES:—The following beautiful lines came through the mediumship of Mrs. Powell—a very good test medium, of this city. The poem was written by the hands of the medium, while she was leading a hymn in singing, and occupied about four minutes in its transmission. It purported to come from Harriet Livermore, an eminent Quaker lady, of this city, and I now send it to you, believing that many of the friends would be glad to see it in the dear JOURNAL, which is much appreciated among us:

"THE GOLDEN SUMMER DAYS.

With a warp of sun-threads golden,
And a weft of purple chain,
Nature as in season's olden,
Wears the summer robes again!
Ever brighter, richer, fairer,
Grows the marvel of her loom,
As she adds to grace the wearer,
Festal wreath and floral bloom.

Welcome summer! come to win us
From our woes, with song and sheen;
How the weary hearts within us
Freshen in the flood of green!
How the soul her wings uncloses,
Soars aloft as clouds above,
As from lips of evening roses,
Pours the perfume breath of love!

When the glowing waters quiver—
Shaken by the wandering breeze,
Arm in arm upon the river,
Dance the shadows of the trees,
And while winds and waves and waters,
Thus in earth grand gala play,
Shall not we, her sons and daughters,
Keep our mother's holiday?

Yet, fair summer, transient poem
Of an epoch broad and grand,
Type of the eternal poem—
Life in life's own fatherland—
What, are all thy tales vainly lighted?
What, with sin-stains stained,
To that paradise unlighted,
Adam lost, and Christ regained?

Never storm the glory paleth,
Never cometh want and woe,
In that world from which all falseth
But a gleam on worlds below.
There, among the scenes immortal,
Ambushed larks no serpent guile—
Through the eternal Eden's portal
Cometh naught that can defile.

Yours, truly,
JOHN A. HOOVER.

Philadelphia, June 7, 1872.

Rev. Mr. Swarts Reviewed.

In your brief letter, you refer me to Nehemiah vi, 1, 4, as a "sufficient reply" to me. After reading that passage, I conclude that you wish to convey the idea that you have "built a wall" around the church, "in which there is no breach left therein." You think by your wanting to meet you in debate, "we desire to do you mischief," and lastly, you are doing "a great work, and cannot come down to us." I am satisfied any one of our debaters would soon make a break in your wall, if you would consent to meet them; and, as error always suffers, when compared with truth, we should probably do you some mischief.

As to your "great work," you left that to assail us, but cannot give us a chance to defend ourselves. You say, "Regarding the occasional impostors who creep into the ministry, it is sufficient reply to say, that as soon as their character is discovered, they are at once excommunicated." How is it with Spiritualists? That does not meet the case, Brother Swarts. In your lecture, you mentioned a great many of our shortcomings and a great many imaginary sins, and then said, "A tree should be known by its fruits." If Spiritualism is responsible for all the bad fruit it bears, then Orthodoxy is also responsible for its bad fruit, and excommunication cannot undo the harm done. Can you, by excommunication, make pure men of those licentious ministers I mentioned in my first letter to you? Can excommunication just such licentious fruits as I presented you with.

You teach that the Bible is the word of God, and that it reveals his character; but when we read the Bible we find the character of God blacker than the character of the Devil. You may say I blaspheme, or you may call me an infidel, but the fact still remains as I have stated it. God is represented in the Bible as being vindictive, jealous, mad, full of fierce anger; changeable, partial, loving one, and hating another. He is represented as having chosen a semi-barbarous nation as "his people," and commanding them to slaughter other nations. He commanded them not to eat of anything that died in their camp, but they could give it to a stranger; or they might sell it to an alien.—Deut. xiv. 21. He commanded Hosea to marry a prostitute.—Hosea 1-2. He commanded the Jews to kill all the men, and old women of the Midianites, but to keep the virgins for their own use.—Numbers 31. He put a lying spirit in the mouth of one of his prophets, to deceive Ahab.—1 Kings xxii. 21, 24. He sent a people a "strong delusion," that they might "believe a lie to be damned." Did the Devil ever do worse?

If God inspired men to write such stuff about him, do I blaspheme if I copy it?

The nastiness of the Bible would fill a volume, and it is unfit to be read. Most of your Bible heroes were bad men. Moses was a murderer; Noah was a drunkard; Abraham was a liar, and married his half-sister; Jacob married two sisters, and had two mistresses—cheated his brother, and would now be called a hard case (unless he belonged to the church); Lot committed a crime I will not mention; David, a man after God's own heart, was a murderer, and a licentious man, and the last act of his life would disgrace a Pawnee Indian.—1 King ii. 8, 10; Solomon was far worse than Brigham Young is; and yet, as bad as you know these men to be, you (Ministers) hold them up as worthy of imitation. You teach that they were good men; and even represent Rahab, the harlot, as a good woman. How can children grow up good and pure, when you teach them such abominable stuff?

As long as you teach that such characters are good, you will be held responsible for the conduct of those who follow their example. As long as you claim that the Bible gives a faithful representation of God's character, you will be responsible for the misdeeds of those who try to imitate him.

That we have bad men among us I will not deny. (They were brought up under Orthodox influence, and have not yet outgrown it). So have you; and the difference between us is this: We claim no superiority above any one. You do. You say mankind is, by nature, depraved; but claim that you have all been changed (we don't see it), born again, washed white in the blood of the lamb. You have regained what Adam lost by the "fall," consequently, you are pure.

You divide the race into two classes—one bad, totally depraved; the other good, and you belong to the good. You are superior to the mass of mankind.

There are not two classes in the world—one all good; the other all bad—one heaven-bound; the other hell-bound. There is not that difference in people, which will warrant us in making such a distinction; and the idea that some are so much better than others, originated in the organ of self-esteem of some of the self-styled good ones. If you are a better man than

I am, it is because you had better surroundings before your birth, and during life; and as you cannot excommunicate me from society, but must, to some extent, associate with me, so those Spiritualists who are so fortunate as to be better than some others in our ranks, cannot excommunicate the "bad ones," but must associate with them for their good; yes, for the good of both—here and hereafter. And I find more pleasure in that thought, than you possibly can in the idea that you are going to a nice little heaven, where, *see*, good people go, while the mass of mankind—our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, are going to a place of endless torment.

You say you "take an interest in my spiritual well being, and would greatly rejoice to know that I am a partaker of that peace and happiness which I can never have till I trust in Christ as my righteousness."

I thank you for the interest you take in my well-being; and while you only expect to feel that interest during this short life, I rejoice to know you will always, through the endless ages of eternity, feel the same interest, unless you are changed after death, to a demon, in which case you can look upon the torment, which a "merciful God" inflicts on his children, with perfect delight.

How is it, brother Swarts: will you be made better or worse at death? Will you still feel an interest in my "spiritual well-being," or will you rejoice at the sufferings of the damned? If you still, in the other life, retain all that makes you a good man, will not heaven be hell to you, in view of the suffering you think I will endure.

As to trusting in Christ's righteousness, it will do no good to us, unless we follow his example; for every murderer becomes converted, trusts in the righteousness and blood of Christ, and swings from the gallows into heaven. Yes, according to Orthodoxy, heaven is being peopled with murderers, to the exclusion of a better class of people. Murderers are all Orthodox, if a belief in an endless hell, the blood of Christ, and an angry God makes one Orthodox; and, of course, they go to heaven; while many decent men, like Abraham Lincoln, who was killed in a theatre, and thousands of soldiers, who were killed while doing their duty on the battle field, go to hell, to experience the goodness of their Heavenly Father.

You say, "I hope your zeal and pen may soon be employed in a cause more worthy." Spiritualism is founded on the idea of eternal progression, while all other creeds are based on the supposed end of all progress.

If your creeds are true, then all truth has been discovered, and put into the form of creed; and progress is at an end.

Spiritualism teaches that all will be made better, rise higher and higher, and learn new truths every day, while Orthodoxy teaches that ninety-nine out of every hundred will be lost, and sink lower and lower; and she fights every reform, vilifies and abuses every one who seek new truths outside of creeds. Which is the most worthy, and which is the most honorable to Almighty God?

Near the close of your letter, you say, "I shall not forget to pray for you." Have you an idea that you feel more solicitude for my welfare than God does? Just think of it, Brother Swarts. The God who created the heavens and the earth, and the millions of worlds that roll in space; the God unchangeable, can be changed by the prayers of one of his creatures—a "worm of the dust," and influenced to do for me, what he would not do, but for your prayers! You know better than he does, what I need, do you? No sir. I thank you. Between me and my Father, I want no third person's intervention. Is God angry with me, and can you appease that anger? Does God know what is for my best good; and if he does not, can you inform him?

A God who hates any of his children, and can only be learned to love, *through* prayers, originated in self-esteem. In fact, the "Christian hope" has no higher foundation. Your hope of heaven is based on the idea, that you are better than your fellows. "I am holy," and shall go to heaven. "You are sinful," and will go to hell. "I am one of God's people," "You are the child of the Devil," is the language of Orthodoxy.

You appeal to sinners, as though there were any worse sinners than yourselves. You ask sinners to request your prayers, conveying the idea that you, poor weak mortals, can influence Omnipotence!

I have no doubt I have said many things in this, and my previous letter, which have shocked your feelings. It is our misfortune (if you are right) that your theological notions appear ridiculous to us, Spiritualists, and we cannot write or talk as we feel, without hurting your Orthodox sensibilities. If I have said anything to hurt your feelings, you will please remember that Orthodoxy never spares us, or shows any respect for our feelings; and that our ideas appear no more ridiculous to you, than yours do to us. What we accept as truth, is just as sacred to us, as your supposed truths are to you.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN M. FOLLETT.

Cornwall, June 2d, 1872.

The Sturgis Meeting.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Attending the recent anniversary meeting at Sturgis, Michigan, I feel moved to attest my conviction of its harmony, interest, and complete success and usefulness.

This, the third of these annual convocations which I have attended (the first eight, the second four years ago), was decidedly the best and most thoroughly harmonious meeting of Spiritualists, Naturalists, and Reformers, it has been my privilege to attend. While there was a wide range of diverse sentiment, with complete freedom of expression, no one felt called upon to combat or refute another's opinions.

Nearly all reformatory questions were touched upon by the various speakers in conference, and the "regular addresses." Mrs. Woodhull had warm advocates; but even this "fire-brand issue" failed to arouse a disputatious response. While there was no lack of sharp, incisive criticism and argument, none seemed moved to "cross harrow" his neighbor's field. All were apparently intent upon the thorough cultivation of his or her own "patch" of reformatory crops; hence, none had time to "switch over" to his neighbor's garden.

This was as it ever should be in such meetings. It is an evidence of healthy growth upon the part of "Reformers." When we all attain to the wisdom and self-pride which enables us to calmly listen to any and all sentiments, upon any and all questions, without desire to, or with the power to restrain such desire of reply—of combative discussion, we shall have reached a healthy and happy stage of human progress; an epoch, from which will date the most rapid and grandly efficient march of reform; one which no other era of the ages can eclipse.

The management of the meeting was, in my humble judgment, excellent. Very few mistakes were made by either managers, chairman, or participants. Very few over-wrought lectures or speeches, either as to time, subject, or presentation. While all was not just as we would have it, all was, perhaps, unavoidable and well.

Many persons, not speakers, participated in

the conferences; and some of the lectures were delivered by individuals not "in the field." But all were good, worthy, well-timed, and favorably received.

The meeting opened, remarkably auspiciously, on Friday afternoon, the 14th instant, with a happy greeting, and explanatory address by Hon. J. G. Wait, Chairman, followed by several short addresses.

The evening session combined a pleasant conference, and an able address by L. H. Stewart, late Baptist Minister, of Kendallville, Ind.

Saturday morning a large attendance; a long conference; many fine speeches, in which the young apostle, J. M. Choat, of Boston, participated—giving fine evidence of progress and efficient power; also, Albert Stegeman, the good Reformer and Lyceum champion, of Allegan, Michigan; Mrs. Cushman, formerly of the East—now a resident of Branch County, Michigan—a fine speaker; a lad—Mr. Mason, of South Bend, Ind., who promises fine powers as a speaker (don't go too fast, Brother); the old ship carpenter, Brother Ramsey, of Leno County, Mich.; Father Elijah Woodworth, whom everybody knows, and numerous others whose names are not now recalled; and the "regular address" by this deponent; of which said deponent Brother saith not.

Saturday afternoon, an interesting and instructive conference, during which, Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, Michigan, arrived and participated, with cheering words of profit; Mrs. T. E. Drake, of Plainwell, Allegan County, Mich., gave a very fine address, contrasting Spiritualism with Orthodox Theology.

Evening session.—Good conference, and a very fine address from Cephas B. Lynn, of the Banner of Light Western Locals. Brother Lynn spoke, "entranced," and to me, gave evidence of much, and most excellent progress, as a speaker.

Sunday's sessions were all characterized by overflowing attendance, interesting conferences, fine speaking, and excellent lectures, from Brothers Stebbins, Stewart, Carpenter, of Kendallville, Ind., and Stocker, of Angola, Ind. Brother Stebbins was, certainly, in his most happy mood, and gave us one of the best addresses I have ever heard from him; and he is, in my judgment, one of the best speakers in our cause. Brother Stewart gave a most judiciously short and effective address. He certainly has a very keen sense of the proprieties of the occasion; a keen and vigorous comprehension and delivery, and is a noble and most efficient accession to the work of reform, from the standpoint of Spiritualism.

But I must not further particularize. I have already too far extended this notice of one of these justly noted and annually welcomed meetings, at Sturgis, Mich. May the recurring cycles of time bring this "feast of reason, and flow of soul," to attendants upon future anniversaries at Sturgis, with great waves of progress, freighted with the spirit of love, truth, justice, and charity, "and the greatest of these is charity."

J. K. BAILEY.

Coldwater, Mich., June 18th, 1872.

Professional.

DEAR BROTHER:—I have concluded to enter the lecture field, and will answer calls to lecture upon the subjects of Health, Temperance, and Spiritual Philosophy. The first comes more particularly within my mission, having devoted over thirty years of my life in practicing the "healing art." I claim to have progressed out of, and risen above the use of crude drugs of every description, as remedial agents. It is just as inconsistent to administer crude drugs to the sick for the cure of disease, as to give them strong and indigestible food. In either case, it will have to go through a chemical process, at the expense of the vital energy, before it can possibly benefit the patient. *Physicians* using strong food; yet, at the same time, administer crude, and oftentimes, deleterious articles which are tenfold more injurious and detrimental to the patient than almost any article of diet.

Consistency is said to be a jewel, but it is wholly ignored by some practitioners in the medical profession.

Everything in nature possesses a material and spiritual principle, and according to "Hahnemann" and A. J. Davis, all disease originates in the spiritual forces (although the latter signally failed to bring his theory into practice in his "Harbinger of Health"), and if their theory is correct, which I believe it to be, the only rational method of cure would be in the administration of similar dynamic, spiritual forces, culled and separated from the crude, or material substances in nature.

Hahnemann was the first to discover that drugs possessed, like mankind, a spiritual principle, and availed himself of this great truth for the cure of disease.

Science has proved, and experience demonstrated, that these subtle and occult forces which pervade all nature, are in reality, the only potent substances in the universe. And it is a mystery to me, how any intelligent Spiritualist can take, or give crude drugs of any description, as remedial agents.

I will also remark in this connection, that I believe the infinitesimal doses of homeopathy are indebted, quite as much for their virtue, to their magnetic, as their medicinal properties; and that no person is really qualified to prepare or administer them, unless they possess good healing powers.

One of the most valuable agents for the cure of disease is magnetism, the composition of which, we know but little as yet; suffice it to say, however, that it is not the same in its nature or effects in any two individuals. The magnetism of one person may be beneficial to certain individuals, and at the same time may be repulsive, if not injurious to others. Some physicians or healers are enabled to cure certain individuals almost like magic, while they totally fail in benefiting others, who are apparently suffering from the same complaints.

There is no remedy in existence that is adapted to all cases; neither is there a physician whose magnetism will blend with every case he may be called upon to treat; hence, they ought not to be jealous of each other, as there is ample room for all to exercise their healing powers, if they have any; otherwise they have no business with the medical profession.

To demonstrate these truths theoretically and practically, is one main object of my mission. Another is to give the public the benefit of my discovery, in detecting pulmonary complaints in their incipient stages, and in season to prevent or cure every case, thereby enabling all to escape, if they choose, one of the most fatal diseases that afflict humanity.

Those wishing my services, should address me at once, care of Warren, Chase & Co., 614 North Fifth St., St. Louis, Mo.

DANIEL WHITE, M. D.

Verden, Ill.

Turner's Station, Oregon.

BROTHER JONES:—Sir—Enclosed please find remittance to renew my subscription to the JOURNAL, which I see by your figures, was paid up to October, 1871. It commenced coming to me again last month, which is the first since the fire. My file is, therefore, incomplete; but as to the "Search After God," which Brother Francis has been making so diligently, and with such marked ability, I intend to have

a copy of that when published in book form.

There are but few Spiritualists here, but myself and John Bleakney are stirring up the people on the subject—lecturing and talking, and would debate the merits of Spiritualism with the clergy, if any could be found to take up our standing challenge, which, from present appearances, they are not at all likely to do.

We supplied ourselves with many of the best works on Spiritualism, and with the valuable aid of the JOURNAL, we feel "master of the position, and eager for the contest." But as lecturing in Oregon is an unpaying business, and being poor in regard to this world's goods—having to depend upon our labor for support, we content ourselves with working in the vicinity of home.

Trusting that the time will come when one or both of us can go out into the field, and give our entire time and energy to the great work of reform, I am fraternally yours,

LEWIS BLEAKNEY.

To Judge Edmund C. Holbrook.

MY DEAR RESPECTED SIR: I read your article in the JOURNAL (May 18th) with deep interest, and was gratified to see that you and Mrs. Woodhull do not differ on abstract principles, and I should think, not much on their application. You urge that conjugal love and its action ought not to be more free than religious love, life and action. I read, and re-read your article, and so understand you. I find no word in which you would make the first less free. I agree with you, and I am sure Mrs. W. does. She has only demanded the same freedom to conjugal life that American Protestants demand and profess to believe in granting, in religion.

I agree with you, that there are cases, both in religion and conjugal matters, in which government ought to interfere. Neither religious or conjugal rape should be permitted. Both are sometimes, especially rape in the marriage bed. You suggest the case of a religious sect who should feel it their duty to worship naked in public, as we may suppose Adam and Eve did; and as Isaac and David, of Bible note, did. In the present low and undeveloped state of society, I agree with you, that these should be restrained. But if you would interfere with the naked private worship of such a sect, you establish a principle that would justify much of the past persecutions of both Catholics and Protestants. Would you have government to interfere in the last case?

I suggest, that should those women who live by selling the use of their bodies, walk the streets naked to advertise their business, in the present state of society, government ought not to allow it. We have no evidence that Mrs. Woodhull would not agree with us here.

I once knew a lady who had two lovers. She would have taken both as a husband—they agreeing—if the law and public opinion had allowed it. She was able and ready to meet all costs, cares and responsibilities which might have resulted from such a relation.

Do you justify these laws, and this public opinion. If you do justify both, I respectfully ask you to state your principles of conjugal and religious freedom (if you have any) more plainly and clearly.

Mrs. Woodhull has only used language touching conjugal freedom, which has been used ten thousand times, in relation to mental and religious freedom, and a host of human horns are ready to sting her.

I here assert what I believe and feel—that I have a right to hold any religious faith, or no faith; to worship one God, many Gods, or no God; or to change my faith and worship as often as I choose or must. This statement does not disturb my friend Holbrook, or any of Mrs. W.'s radical or Spiritualist opponents. He and they believe I have that right, so far as he or any other man is concerned.

In good society, heard some persons discussing the probabilities of her death, in view of their chances to gain a portion of her property. She said to herself, "I have had no offer of marriage from one whom I thought it best to marry, but I have and do desire a child, that would settle the quarrel as to my property. I will choose the father of one child, if no more."

In due time, a daughter and true heir was born. The superiority of the daughter proved the wisdom of the mother's choice.

Now, Judge Holbrook, I ask, 1st—Do you say that woman did wrong in becoming the mother of that child? 2d—Ought any good, true, and many man to refuse such a favor under such circumstances, because of what the public might say?

I know no more sacred natural law than the right of every healthy woman to bear one or more children, if she desires and chooses them. Do you—does anybody?

It is said that there are many less men than women. If so, I repeat, all these women have a right to become mothers of children, if they so desire, in spite of Mrs. Grundy.

Fraternally,
AUSTIN KENT.

Stockholm, N. Y., May 30, 1872.

International Progressive Unity.

BRO. JONES:—I am moved to inform the readers of the JOURNAL and the rest of mankind that the initial steps are being taken to establish the first "International Progressive Unity," upon a joint stock basis, and in harmony with the suggestions made in my article on "Progressive Communities." It is moved by parties interested in the matter, that a nominal organization be first effected; and then publish to the world the result of their deliberations, and solicit correspondence from whomsoever may feel disposed to enter into a philanthropic community and bring with them their worldly stock and store, with the *pro rata* power of self protection. It is not deemed prudent or just to make any move towards location until the maximum be enlisted in the movement, however much we may, as individuals concerned, I most humbly submit the organization and location of the institution to the as they may appoint. And though I am mankind throughout the world, into protective, co-operative, and unitary modes of life, is being revealed through my instrumentality, this one thing I desire to be generally known, that I have no self-interest to satisfy, no vanity to flatter, no personal ambition to gratify; that I seek neither place nor applause; but only ask a hearing." It seems quite strange to me, individually, through the twenty years of the diffusion of Spiritual light and love, that we have stumbled over "this pearl of great price." This only practical good that Spiritualism can do for mankind; and yet the work which has been done is perfectly necessary to prepare the foundation on which to build the gigantic principle of individual, affiliative and distributive justice; to unfold life's philosophy, to breathe the atmosphere, and speak the language of life's best conditions.

At this instant the invisibles, who are projecting this movement, are directing their attention to table lands of the Cumberland mountains in East Tennessee as a point of observation; but whether this will result in the first location or not, is immaterial; for whatever most concerns the earthly needs and in-

terests of man and woman must be left to their discrimination and decision.

Fraternally yours,
J. W. EVARTS.
Centralia, Ill., June 10, 1872.

A Theological Rotten Mackerel.

John Randolph said of a distinguished political opponent: "He shines and stinks, and stinks and shines like a rotten mackerel by moonlight." The conservative city of Trenton, N. J., has an orthodox expounder of the gospel, a Rev. Mr. Hall, who out-herods Randolph's moonlight mackerel.

This robust innovator upon the proprieties of common decency, recently preached a funeral discourse upon the death of Clemons Jones, an aged and highly esteemed Spiritualist of this city. Some years since Mr. Jones was excommunicated and ostracised out of Mr. Hall's church for believing just what Jesus and the Apostles believed and knew to be true.

Mr. Jones' family continued with the church, presenting as much opposition to his views as might be consistent with the fact that the purse-strings connected with their daily bread were in his hands, and he furnishing the equippage and soft garments that rendered the family popular at Mr. Hall's soul-saving establishment.

At the funeral there were two Quakers, men of marked integrity of character, who had been the friends and associates with Mr. Jones in his belief and knowledge of spirit intercourse. The clergyman knowing this, and having his heart full of the diabolical spirit of the enraged Mosaic Jehovah, took advantage of the occasion to abuse these Quakers. He stated that Mr. Jones had been led into delusion by bad men, whom he presumed were present, and he hoped they would feel the responsibility of what they had done; yet, as Mr. Jones had for many years been such an exemplary member of the church, he thought it possible that God might be able to save him on that. Had the Rev. Gentleman taken the pains to inform himself, he might have learned that Mr. Jones was a Spiritualist before these respected members of the "Friends Society" had the pleasure of his acquaintance; and I presume there are no clergymen in the United States to whom the term "bad men" would not apply with quite as much force as to either of the men to whom this public insult was offered.

When a Hippopotamus travels among pond lilies, we expect he will crush them with his clumsy feet. But have we not a right to expect that clergymen, claiming to be followers of the gentle-souled Nazarene, will be familiar with the laws and by-laws of American Society,—"will know the difference between civility and clownish indecency? Shall they feel at liberty to outrage, behind their desks, all the civilities and sweet amenities of life? It is certainly a rank abuse of pulpit privileges to personally abuse those present, knowing that the law of the land will not allow them to reply, or do anything to disturb the harmony and quiet of a religious meeting.

W. CHURCH.

Trenton, New Jersey, June, 1872.

Unionville, Pennsylvania.

DEAR BROTHER:—How glad I feel that you take the stand firmly against the Woodhull, Blood & Company clan. To judge you, from the editorials in the glorious old JOURNAL, you are the right man in the right place. How it does the heart good, and how it makes one feel strong for the right, after reading the refreshing articles from the pen of Brother JONES. How grand and glorious is the cheering Philosophy of Life—a religion of reason. If the thinking mind once grasps it, how trivial seems the Orthodox plan of salvation!

O, that the pen could be dipped in sweet perfume, to write words of praise and song to the spirits who first read man's craving after another life, and "came, saw and conquered" the barrier between this world and the next—the beautiful next!

Keep on, dear Brother, in your enlightening work, for there is "a power coming down" to strengthen and support all the workers in the spiritual vineyard.

You did just right in the Slade case, and all your readers will endorse your plan, if the American Spiritualist does howl and whine over the JOURNAL.

I am a subscriber for the JOURNAL, the Banner of Light, and various other papers and periodicals, but the JOURNAL and Banner of Light are relished more than all the rest! It is a feast of reason and a flow of soul, on Sunday, to read the thoughts and experiences of others in relation to the higher life.

If there was a good physical medium to come this way, he would be made welcome, thrice welcome, and might do a great deal of good.

Your friend and brother in the cause,
J. MILTON SMITH.

Waukegan, Illinois.

BROTHER S. S. JONES:—DEAR SIR:—Among the plentiful interesting matters in the last number of the JOURNAL, I read with delight your kind remarks of brother H. A. Streight, with the letter from the spirit of Washington Allston.

To the readers of the JOURNAL I wish to say, that I fully believe the angels will reward every effort to lend a helping hand in placing this excellent artist in the position his genius and mediumship so truly merits. I herewith send my little mite (wishing my circumstances admitted more), and trust that many may follow with larger mites for the good purpose.

If this letter may chance to meet the eyes of brother Streight and his gentle, amiable wife, they will be reminded of the days of Auld Lang Syne, when we passed happy hours together.

Often have I gazed with wonder and admiration upon the works of his artist hand, and thought how enviable a genius was his. Not executing his work under mechanical control, but being a gifted artist by nature, and a painter by profession, he performs his work in a partial normal condition, while assisted by highly developed artists in spirit life, and beholding with his clairvoyant eye the spirit form of those in spirit life by whom he is impressed to paint.

Ye who bow to the shrine of genius, ye who love to gaze upon this glorious manifestation of spirit power, come one, come all and aid in this precious work of advancing the cause of Spiritualism and blessing our brother and sister Streight, and their lovely and beautiful children.

SADA BAILEY.

June 2nd, 1872.

THE Revue Spirite relates the following incident: "On a recent visit to an old lady friend at Antwerp," says the writer, "she told me from her secretary drawer, had money stolen from her a clue to the mystery, while the loss placed her under no little embarrassment."

ONE of the speakers at the Christian Association Convention, in Lowell, expatiated at length on his experiences of misery in a New York boarding-house, and his final deliverance through a happy marriage. He found his savior in a saintly wife.

Arts and Sciences.

Y. A. CARR, M. D.

DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address: Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Time and Tide Revealing Footprints and Tide-Marks of Mysticism's ever Onward Course.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE.

The educational temple of our sleep state seemingly looms up before the interior vision of modern times, as the great universal workshop of an omnipresent mysticism, devising, though seldom studied or contemplated as the wondrous achievements of mysticism deserves, still, have they, do they, and will they ever continue to elaborate, meet out, and sway the measures of mental condition, and record their footprints and tide-marks on the shores and cliffs of oceanic mind, as do the more gross and material achievements of physics force, and record their footprints and tide-marks on the geologic strata of cosmographic condition? However visible the one or invisible the other, they seem as if the right and left wing of an ever onward purpose, bearing our dual blending of sensuous and spirit form, as if through an ever progressive revolution, from the lowest to the highest spheres.

Let those familiar with the geologic reveals and flora and fauna unfoldments of the cosmographic structure on which we live, turn as from the wondrous without, to the still more wondrous within, and they will find mysticism, the supernal prince of the fathomless sleep realm of dreams, has, through chosen measures and means, such as reason, intuition, poesy, dogmatism, skepticism, science, philosophy, deduction, and others, has thus far led, controlled, and developed, as it were, all the higher earth grades of virtue from her lower grades of vice.

Time and again has mysticism inspired the aim, controlled the course, and revolutionized the season, engendering incrustations of the earth—ever originating, dissolving, and re-establishing creeds, breathing renewed life into the ever-changing form of things—changing the ruling tide-currents of popular opinion and intolerance of professional assume; originating, tearing down and rebuilding sects, creeds, and systems; erecting and reconstructing political measures of rule; overturning kingdoms, changing dynasties, and continuously giving life, lights, and death shades to all nature's transition estate here with which we have to do.

Mysticism, of all, seems the chief controlling genius of earth-time and estate, the very center and circumference of all commotion and revolution, of the means, measures, throbbings, pulsations, life-throes, and death-struggles of seeming chance and occasion, and yet, of all forces, the one seemingly in charge of the sleep realm of dreams, with which paradoxical man seems to be the least acquainted. Yet it is sincerely hoped and believed, the time is near at hand, when, through the accumulating light of the outer, we shall begin to see the, and profit by an, ever-increasing knowledge of the inner power—as it is—and may be made available for our higher and nobler uses.

Should we pause to contemplate the moving impress of wonder-working mysticism upon the morning stars, as they sang together, upon the mediumism of orient time and succeeding ages and generations of men—upon the sages, prophets and patriarchal fathers—upon the spirit of reason, intuition and poesy, as they communed and sung together of a more hopeful future, while they yet sojourned and toiled on, as in a barbarian wilderness of sin; should we pause to contemplate the impress of mysticism upon Confucius, Zoroaster, John the Baptist, Jesus, Mohammed, Joan of Arc, Davis and other mediumistic measures of individualized condition, through which sphere communion have ever been an entity, inherent in the co-ordinate nature of things,—we should more fully appreciate mysticism, as the generating genius of revolution, and more profitably comprehend the utilitarian application of her aim to ourselves.

Though unostentatious and little understood, mysticism is wont to appear in the distant horizon, in the smallest of formlet clouds, and yet burst over the world, as in the direct of all the sweeping tornadoes of war, pestilence, and famine—though we seemingly know little of it or care little for it,—in fact, though we ignore it and regard it as impressing evil, yet it is the integral life of our very soul-natures interwoven in all our thoughts and sensations, in all forms of rule—all sects and creeds—all policies and systems,—all! all! seems to have been conceived by the spirits, suckled at the breast, and cradled in the lap of mysticism. And yet are we told there is no access by which the spiritual can move the material, when we see the mystical or spiritual moving the universe.

It has been truly remarked, "The stages of mystic development are in reality the great epochs from which time has dated its calendars, or from which the prominent phases of civilization have derived their salient features. With the tale of mysticism in our hands we can construct history, the rise and fall of schools, the conflict of sects, the constant reproduction of old doctrines with new faces, the influences which the shifting phases of beliefs have exercised over human progress—now and then besmearing it with blood, or illuminating it with angelic splendor,—have either sprung from this source or in some way been identified with it. The study of mysticism, so far from excluding actual life from us, on the contrary, reveals actual life to us, showing the fountain sources of all animate phenomena,—first suggesting cause by effect, and thence enabling us to analyze and demonstrate the legitimate cause of effect. As the astronomically-cultured sense of vision and appliance has enabled astronomers to sweep the astral realms of space in definite thought forms, so does the cultured reason and intuition enable our definite thought form to sweep the still more wondrously beautiful realms of the mystical heretofore, present, and beyond. As by the former, the limitless trailways of numberless orbs are mapped out in a comparatively comprehensive form, so are the inner centers of mysticism's self-sustaining force by which all these are moved, revealed through our mental plane, to the higher developments of earth-mind over which mysticism rules.

The main and only legitimate course of investigation on having, during a few centuries past, been in a great measure out of the masses, by aberrative mysticism's abstract assumes of Church and State, which have dared to shut out the atmospheric light of reason from the earth, demands of the inner soul explains why up to a recent date, modernism seemingly slept on in such blissful ignorance of the true inherent fountain sources and mainsprings of human aspiration and rule.

We must, as revolving circumference centers, seek the center, round which we revolve through all intermediate conditions and rela-

tions. We must pass from circumference details, to such self-suggestive generalities, as will in themselves explain the details, and still on and on through generalities, to the recognition of that great central, positive, all-prevailing force beyond, which, though in reach of human feeling infinitely surpasseth all human understanding.

The Hindoos' Golden River proceeding from the divine fountain to the Ox's mouth, thence to Eorkam, thence to Essourim, thence to Mounta, thence to Earth, thence to the Sea, and thence to Hell,—typifies mysticism's nature, character and course—pure at first, becoming impure as it spreads abroad, until reaching an earth level of homogeneous imperfection, which its central impress came forth to water and redeem—feeding celestial life at its source, and mesmerized lakirs, isquis, bigots and devils amid the lowlands through which it sinks into oblivion. And so of abstracted humanity, whose dogmatic shells of conspicuous incrustation—shells we find along the lowland shores of twilight realms, that but little more than sound the memories of the celestial climes from whence their central spirit sensorium came. As all other sources of inspiration,—even the Jewish cabala was drawn from the twilight morn of mystical inspiration—Divinity thus rising and flowing from an inward to an outward realm, fell in the fall of Adam, from the first principle which cabalistic A signifies, to damn, which is the putting on of the mortal by the immortal; and the eating of the apple by Eve, cabalistically signifies the first form of the Divine principle, in passing down through condition was adulterated by admixture with its surroundings, as virtue and vice equalized. Yet one must have the cipher of nature's self-evident cabalism, to unriddle the riddle, over which designing assume has written on the defaced tablets of all true intrinsic being. Since treating of the impresses of mysticism, that comes as through the confluent channels of our sleep state, so to speak, we may find much of a singularly interesting and instructive nature, in a more special purvey of the cabalistic premises of the past, as well as marginal lines, that might be profitably allowed within the confines of the passing present. Hence, the more direct allusion we propose making to the suggestive nature of mystical cabalism, in our next article.

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[From the Moravia Weekly News.]

With some others—friends of mine—I came down to Moravia, to see something of the wonderful manifestations, which are taking place here, and the fame of which has gone abroad throughout all the land. In fact, to many people who take an interest in such things, "Moravia" is a household word. And not only among those claiming to be Spiritualists, but among others who would deny with scorn any imputation that they were hardly orthodox, are these strange things beginning to be talked about. Persons of every shade of religious belief, representing every tone of religious sentiment, are coming to see for themselves what they hardly believe to be true.

There is an old axiom that "distance lends an enchantment to the view," but in this case it would seem that the enchantment rather increases than otherwise, as they draw near to the scene where these things transpire. It is something so out of all conformity with the natural course of events to which we have been accustomed, that it is hard, very hard, for some to break up the old well settled belief and venture out on the untried fields of so many teachings. "I wonder, I wonder, it really be true, if there is anything in it," is the questioning of many a heart grown so pious and confused in the war of creeds and dogmas, seeking somewhere for a resting place. Is a question which each one must settle for himself.

I will relate my experience at four different sittings held at Mr. Keeler's house on May 27th, 28th, and 29th.

Sittings are only held now in the forenoon.

FIRST SITTING, May 27.—Twelve persons composed the circle. Voices as unassuming with us in the singing, and some of the company were patted with delicate hands in the dark circle. There was a soft warm hand touched mine several times, and I am very confident, that no one of the persons present in the room could have done it without my knowledge. Cool breezes fanned us, and while a young lady in the circle was singing a beautiful song entitled "A Bunch of Roses," there was such a sweet fragrance diffused throughout the room, that nearly everyone exclaimed involuntarily, "how delightful!" "How very beautiful!" If I had had a large bouquet directly under my nose, the fragrance could not have been stronger or more delightful. There were also beautiful lights, that must be seen to be appreciated, hovering over us like stars with a mellow radiant light. The call for a light was given by taps on the piano. There were some six different faces shown at this sitting, and most of them were recognized by some persons in the circle. One appeared several times to a gentleman from Indiana, who could not recognize it, and spoke to him and said: "When you go home, I want you to bear me in mind and see if you can not recollect who I am. Barrett Andrews." When the name was given the gentleman spoke and said, "Yes, Barrett, I know you now." This closed the sitting for to-day.

SECOND SITTING, May 28th.—We took our seats at nine o'clock, and the seance lasted about an hour and a half. There were eleven persons present besides the medium. Almost immediately upon the light being extinguished, I felt very distinctly indeed a hand come and pat me gently upon the knee. Many others also felt the touch of invisible hands upon different parts of the body, sometimes upon the arm or head. There were two lights shown, of the same general character as those in the first sitting, and, like them, very beautiful, seemingly phosphorescent balls of light dancing about in the air over our heads.

A light was called for by a heavy deep voice which said: "Strike a light," and then we had one of the best and most conclusive manifestations I saw while here. An old lady, who was recognized by a lady present as her mother, appeared at the aperture several times and finally spoke as follows:—

Friends: I once would not have believed this possible, but God is a God of love and not a God of vengeance; he will come to your house, and then there will be no need of reporters coming here to criticize and find fault with what we do. Tell what you see and no more. You must take the words out of your own bosoms, and not find so much fault with others. Grandma Cooper.

She wore an old-fashioned cap, and when she spoke I could see her lips move as plainly as I ever saw any person's when they were speaking. It was spoken slowly and very impressively emphasized. In its general character it was the most satisfactory of anything I witnessed during my stay here. Several hands were shown, and one hand and arm to the shoulder was thrust out into the light and rapped on the partition above the aperture. This was done twice. It had the appearance of a boy's arm in a white shirt-sleeve and tight wristband. It answered questions by motions backward and forward. With one or two other rather dim appearances of faces, none of which were recognized, this seance ended.

THIRD SITTING, May 28th.—In the dark circle there were several voices which spoke to us. One that purported to be the spirit of a departed Indian chief spoke in a gruff voice: "By square sit down; all sit up straight." This was explained afterward by the fact, that a lady was standing in the rear of the circle, though no one was aware of it at the time. Most beautiful voices joined us in the singing of that beautiful song, "There'll be no more sorrow." There they would take up the burden of the song and sing louder and stronger than any of the company. As soon as we had finished a voice spoke and said: "Our sorrow is over; the darkness is past." That is indeed a beautiful thought for us, that the darkness is past for them, and it will be for us when our feet shall have passed over the river, and we stand where they are now standing in the light of peace. While we were singing "Home Sweet Home" they joined in with us and sang very beautifully the refrain, "There is no place like home," echoing after our voices had all died away. A light was called for, but there were no manifestations in the light circle, and the sitting closed.

FOURTH SITTING, May 29th.—There were very few manifestations this morning, and those quite unsatisfactory. Something seemed to be out of turn, though exactly what it was no one seemed to know. Water was sprinkled on nearly all of the company, sometimes in fine spray, at other times in large drops. I felt it on my forehead several times during the sitting.

During the singing of the song, "A Bunch of Roses," the breath of roses came again, and seemed to me almost sweeter than before. Every one said they never smelt anything more delightful. It seemed to permeate the whole atmosphere with its sweet perfume of roses. In answer to questions, raps said they could do no more this morning.

Mrs. Andrews informed us that for several days the manifestations had not been as good as usual, and she thinks it may be something in the weather, which has been very wet and disagreeable indeed. She is looking for an increase in the manifestations soon. Every one that comes here, if they do not admit their au-

thenticity as spirit manifestations, say the is something very strange and wonderful connected with them which they are unable to solve. Will the mind come here that can save them? They are at least worthy of notes being the most authentic and strange of anything of the kind in America. E. D. Y.

GLEANINGS OF SPIRITUAL FACTS.

The Book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, has been lately translated and enriched by Col. H. Yule, C. B., and member of the Geographical Society of Italy, etc.

These erudite notes, the result of extraordinary research on the part of the highly accomplished translator, establish thoroughly, not only the entire good faith of the early traveler "the Herodotus of the Middle Ages," as he has been not inaptly designated—but prove through the experiences of later travelers, the accurate and minute were the powers of observation possessed by the dauntless and adventurous Venetian.

This ancient book, which red the imagination of Columbus, and spurred him on to yet more wonderful adventures and discoveries, has in all centuries, since the middle ages, stirred forcibly the imagination of its readers, and been an unceasing text-book of the poets, from Chaucer to Goethe. Presented now in its handsome modern garb, and united by the sympathetic labor of its translator with the modern world, the narrative of Polo can scarcely fail to increase in popularity, and will assuredly, make its fascination felt on many minds.

To the Spiritualist, it must ever be a matter of interest to recognize how discoverers of new land, whether natural or mental, though ignored or condemned as impostors, or fabulists, by the skeptics of their own, and even later generations, nevertheless, are infallibly justified in the fulness of time by the irresistible on-flowing of truth.

"Wisdom is justified in all her children," and so is truth. Amidst the numerous grand festivals and gorgeous ceremonies described by Marco, as having been witnessed by himself and his father and uncle, at the magnificent court of the Grand Kahn Cublai, he speaks as follows of

MARVELS OF BUDDHIST PRIESTS.

"There is another marvel performed by these Baesi (Buddhist) Priests of whom I have been speaking, as knowing so many enchantments. For when the Great Kahn is at his capital and in his palace, seated at his table, which stands on a platform some eight cubits above the ground, his cups are set before him on a great billet in the middle of the hall pavement, at a distance of some paces from the table, and filled with wine, or other good spiced liquor, such as they use. Now, when the Lord desires to drink, these enchanters, by the power of their enchantments, cause the cups to move from their place without being touched by anybody, and to present themselves to the Emperor. This every one present may witness, and there are often more than 10,000 thus present. 'Tis a truth, and no lie, and so will tell you the sages of our own country, who understand necromancy, for they can also perform it.

The note of Col. Yule, illustrative of this curious passage—by no means incredible to those who have witnessed the movement of objects affected by means of invisible agency in modern Spiritual manifestations—contains marvels yet more singular. He says "Sanang Setzen enumerates a variety of the wonderful acts which could be performed through the Dharani, (mystic Indian charms) such were, sticking a pig into solid rock; restoring the dead to life; turning a dead body into gold; penetrating everywhere, as air does; flying; catching wild beasts with the hand; reading thoughts; making water flow backwards; eating tiles; sitting in the air with the legs doubled under," &c. Some of these are precisely the powers ascribed to Meder, Empedocles and Simon Magus. Friar Ricold says on this subject: "There are certain men whom the Tartars honor, who call in the world, viz., the Baxite (i. e. Bakhshis) who are a kind of idol priests. These are men from India, persons of deep wisdom, well conducted, and of the gravest morals. They are usually acquainted with magic arts and depend on the counsel and aid of demons; they exhibit many illusions, and predict some future events. For instance, one of eminence among them was said to fly; the truth, however, was (as it proved) that he did not fly, but did walk close to the surface of the earth without touching it; and would seem to sit down without having any substance to support him." This last performance was witnessed in the fourteenth century by Ibn Batuta, the Arab, at Delhi, in the presence of Mahomed Tughlak; and it was professedly exhibited by a Brahmin at Madras, in the present century. It is also described by the worthy Francis Valentyn, as a performance known and practiced in his own day in India. "It is related," he says, "that a man will first go and sit on three sticks put together so as to form a tripod, after which first one stick, then a second, then the third shall be removed from under him, and the man shall not fall but shall still remain sitting in the air. Yet I have spoken with two friends who had seen this at one and the same time, and one of them I may add, mistrusting his own eyes, had taken the trouble to feel about with a long stick if there was nothing on which the body rested; yet, as the gentleman told me, he could neither see nor feel any such thing. Still I would only say that I could not believe it, as a thing too manifestly contrary to reason."

Akin to these performances, though exhibited by professed jugglers, without claim to religious character, is a class of feats which might be regarded as simply inventions, if told by one author only, but which seem to deserve prominent notice from their being recounted by a series of authors, certainly independent of one another, and writing at long intervals of time and place. Our first witness is Ibn Batuta, and it will be necessary to quote him as well as others, in full, in order to show how closely their evidence tallies. The Arab traveler was present at a great entertainment at the court of the Viceroy of Rhansa. "That same night, a juggler who was one of the Kahn's slaves, made his appearance, and the Amir said to him 'come and show us some of your marvels.' Upon this he took a wooden ball, with several holes in it through which long thongs were passed, and laying hold of one, slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside, in the middle of the palace court. There now remained only a little end of a thong in the conjuror's hand; and he desired one of the boys who assisted him, to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, clinging by the thong, and we lost sight of him also! The conjuror then called to him three times, but getting no answer, he snatched up his knife, as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong and disappeared likewise! By-and-by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand, then the other foot, then the trunk, and last of all the head! Then he came down himself, all puffing and panting, and with his clothes all bloody, kissed the ground before the Amir, said something to him in Chinese. The Amir gave some order to him in reply, and our friend then took the lad's

limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick—whn presto! there was the boy who was up and stood before us! All this astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation, like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the Spirit of India, when he showed me some marvelous things. They gave me a quoth he ever, which cured the attack been neither Akhramdin was next, neither marring 'Wallah! tis my opinion pocus.'"

Now let us get an account of which is given by Batuta, the Anglo-Dutch traveler, by the performances of a Chinese gang of conjurers which he witnessed at Batavia, about the year 1670; (I have forgotten to note the year.) After describing very vividly the basket-murder trick, which is well known in India, and now also in Europe, and some feats of bamboo-ballooning similar to those which were recently shown by Japanese performers in England, only more wonderful, he proceeds:—

"But now I am going to relate a thing which surpasses all belief, and which I should scarcely venture to insert here had it not been witnessed by thousands before my own eyes. One of the gang took a ball of cord, and grasping one end of the cord slung the other up into the air with such force that its extremity was beyond the reach of our sight. He then immediately climbed up the cord with incredible swiftness, and got so high that we could no longer see him. I stood, full of astonishment, not conceiving what was to come of this; when, lo! a leg came tumbling down out of the air. One of the conjuring company instantly snatched it up, and threw it into the basket, whereof I have formerly spoken. A moment later, a hand came down, immediately on that another leg; and, in short, all the members of the body came thus successively tumbling from the air, and were cast together into the basket. The last fragment of all that we saw tumble down was the head, and no sooner had that touched the ground, than he who had snatched up all the other limbs and put them into the basket, turned them all out again. Then, straightway, we saw with all eyes those limbs creep together again, and in short form a whole man, who, at once could go on as just before, without showing the least damage. Never in my life was I so much astonished as when I beheld this wonderful performance, and I doubted now no longer that these misguided men did it by help of the Devil, for it seems to me totally impossible that such things should be accomplished by natural means."

Again we have in the memoirs of the Emperor Jahangir a detail of the wonderful performances of seven jugglers from Bengal who exhibited before him. Two facts are thus described:—"Ninth—They produced a man whom they divided limb from limb, actually severing the head from the body. They scattered these mutilated members along the ground, and in this state they lay for some time; they then extended a sheet or curtain over the spot. One of the men putting himself under the sheet, in a few minutes came from below, followed by the individual supposed to have been cut into joints, in perfect health and condition, and one might have safely sworn that he had never received wound or injury whatsoever. * * * Twenty-third—They produced a chain of fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained, as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain immediately ran up, and reaching the other end disappeared in the air. In the same manner, a panther, a lion and a tiger were successively sent up the chain. At last they took down the chain and put it into a bag, no one ever discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air in the mysterious manner above described." Vol. I., Notes. Book L, p. 280.

We will conclude by giving one more extract from the Colonel's notes, as it contains

A REVELATION OF THE LAND OF ENLIGHTENMENT.

"The charge of irreligion against the Chinese," observes Colonel Yule, "is an old one, yet it is a mistake to suppose that this insensibility has been so universal as has been often represented. To say nothing of the considerable numbers who have adhered faithfully to the Roman Catholic Church, the large number of Mahomedans in China, of whom many must have been proselytes, indicates an interest in religion; and the Buddhism itself, was in China, once a spiritual power of no small energy, will, I think, be plain to any one who reads the very interesting extracts from Schott's Essay on Buddhism in Upper Asia and China (Berlin Acad. of Sciences, 1846). There seems to be so little known of this essay that I will translate two or three passages:—

"In the year Ynan-yen of the Sung (A. D. 1086-1093), a pious matron, with her two servants, lived entirely to the Land of Enlightenment. One of the maids said one day to her companion, 'To-night I shall pass over to the land of Amita.' The same night a balsamic odor filled the house and the maid died without any preceding illness. On the following day the surviving maid said to the lady, 'Yesterday my deceased companion appeared to me in a dream and said to me, 'Thanks to the persevering exhortations of our mistress, I am become a partaker in Paradise, and my blessedness is past all expression in words.' The matron replied, 'If she will appear to me also then I will believe what you say.' Next night the deceased actually appeared to her and saluted her with respect. The lady asked, 'May I for once visit the land of enlightenment?' 'Yes,' answered the blessed soul, 'thou hast but to follow thy hand-maiden.' The lady followed her in her dream, and soon perceived a lake of immeasurable expanse, overspread with innumerable red and white lotus flowers of various sizes, some blooming, some fading. She asked what the flowers might signify. The maiden replied, 'These are all human beings on the earth, whose thoughts are turned to the Land of Enlightenment. The very first longing after the Paradise of Amita produces a flower in the Celestial Lake, and this becomes daily larger and more glorious, as the self-improvement of the person whom it represents advances; in the contrary case, it loses in glory and fades away.' The matron desired to know the name of an enlightened one who reposed on one of the flowers, clad in waving and wonderfully glittering raiment. Her whitom maiden answered, 'This is Yang Kee.' Then asked she the name of another, and was answered, 'That is Mahn.' The lady then said: 'At what place shall I hereafter come into existence?' Then the blessed soul led her a space further and showed her a hill that gleamed with gold and azure. 'Here,' said she, 'is your future abode. You will belong to the first order of the blessed.' When the matron awoke she sent to inquire for Yang Kee and Mahn. The first was already departed; the other still alive and well. And then the body learned that the soul of one who advances in holiness and never turns back, may be already a dweller in the Land of Enlightenment, even though the body still sojourns in this transitory world. (p. 55, 56).—The Spiritual Magazine, Eng.

Philadelphia Department.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Moravia.

"Seeing is believing and feeling has no fellow." We sent a hasty sketch of our first day's experience in this place.

Thanks to the kindness of our friend P. C. Tomson, who met us at the cars.

We found excellent quarters in the house of Mrs. Andrews, the medium, whose hospitality and kindness will long be remembered.

We visited Mr. Keeler's daily for five days, and had every opportunity to investigate the phenomena presented, and we design to give a faithful record of what we saw and heard.

Wednesday, June 12th, 8 A.M. Warm, rainy weather. The voices were much more distinct. A spirit said: "Dear ones, when you know conditions as you will when you cast off the mortal coil and enter into this state, you will understand the difficulties that are in the way of these manifestations. Friends, go on sowing the seed; it is spreading all throughout the earth, and it will bud and blossom and bring forth much fruit."

After presenting lights the voice said: "Let us have a light, if you please." Mr. Tomson lit a lamp and placed it on the end of the piano so that the light could pass across the doors of the cabinet. He then closed these, but they were immediately thrown open and he left them so. After a short time we saw something like a white dress at the left hand side of the opening—then a spirit about four feet high, walked out and stood in the doorway but was not recognized. A hand was afterwards put out.

At the circle held at 10 o'clock, a voice called the name of Ellen, to which Mr. Child responded, and asked if that was her brother that stood in the door at the former sitting? The reply was in the affirmative.

Thursday was clear and pleasant. Mr. Keeler sat with us. They called for a light. Very soon, and almost instantly, a face appeared and was recognized as that of Dr. Noble, of Port Huron, Mich., who had appeared on Tuesday. He had a large, black patch over the side of his face; he put his head out of the cabinet so as to be readily seen by all, and was recognized by Mrs. Brown, of Port Huron, and by Mr. and Mrs. Barron and their son, of St. Clair, Mich. His face was presented several times, and he said: "Thank God, I have got through with my sufferings." He died of a cancer of the face.

After this in response to a song, "The Bunch of Roses," there came a little baby hand, with three beautiful rose buds.

A spirit addressing Mr. Barron, said: "William, this is worth more than all the riches that man can pile up."

After a few moments one of the controlling spirits spoke as follows:

"Oh friends, I love to return to earth and help humanity, for there are many, many I see cast down, and in need of our encouragement."

"Charity, friends, is the most beautiful flower that blossoms. Judge not, that ye be not judged."

"Weed the gardens of your own hearts before you weed those of others."

"You will all meet here before long."

"Friends, it is much better to say nothing, unless you can say something good. You will all be sorry if you have injured any one, but never for the good you have done."

"Be not ashamed, friends, to proclaim this truth to the world, there is nothing to be ashamed of in it, or that you are a Spiritualist, and love this truth. The time is approaching when you will be proud of it, friends."

"Oh, how I long to speak to the hearts that are crushed when their loved ones are taken from them, and they think they are laid in the cold grave. I long to say rejoice, they are free; be glad, they are happy in the spirit-land; and, friends, it is but a short time before you will meet them. God bless you all and enable you to show the light in the darkness that is around you, and help you to build this mighty building of Spiritualism, which is to protect and gather in all mankind."

While speaking the above, which we took down phonographically, he put his head out so that we could see his features. He had dark hair and beard, and wore gold spectacles. He gave the name of Jackson.

After this a lady raised the curtain and showed her face so that she was recognized by some present.

At the second circle a hand was presented,—the arm was covered with a white sleeve. In response to the question of a lady, it indicated that it was her mother.

The face of a man, with long whiskers was presented; he gave the name of George, but was not fully recognized.

Then our mother appeared. We recognized her very distinctly—much more so than at Dr. Slade's. Others present recognized her. She appeared several times, and said: "Thank God, we live again. There are many difficulties to be overcome in presenting ourselves."

She replied to a number of questions by nodding the head, or shaking it.

Friday, warm and rainy. The manifestations were not very good. There were about eighty persons in four circles, none of which were very satisfactory.

Saturday, June 15th. The first circle was not very harmonious. There were few on the front seats who could sing, and the spirits did more of this than we had heard before. They have modified a verse of John Brown, as follows:

"Now three cheers, for the good time has come, Now three cheers, for the good time has come, Now three cheers, for the good time has come, When truth shall be proclaimed."

We could hear them sing portions of "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Beautiful River." We sat nearly an hour in the dark circle; and when the light was called for and the doors were closed, a hand and arm were thrust out at once. After a considerable pause, two faces appeared, but were not recognized. In response to the Rose song, a bunch of four or five half-porn roses were put out four times. Father Pierpont appeared and spoke these words: "Friends, it is a consolation to know that man lives again. JOHN PIERPONT."

We recognized his familiar face, but no one spoke the name until he did.

We asked him if we had better leave to-day?

"Do as you are impressed. You have done a good work by coming here. We would like you to get plantain tea and take some night and morning;

it will help take the poison out of your blood. Your hand is better since you came here."

When requested, he put his face out. In response to a question about our publishing a short sketch of his life here, and experiences in spirit-life, he gave an affirmative answer.

Then looking around the circle he said: "May God bless you all, and lead you in the paths of light and truth."

Thus the beginning and ending of our interview at this time, and this manner, was with our dear old friend, who said to us as we came away from the house: "I shall have something to say to you about these things."

Moravia is a very pleasant town, most of the houses are kept in very good order, and the scenery around is mountainous and beautiful. We had an opportunity of visiting other mediums,—Mrs. Watson, who was quite sick, and Mrs. C. A. Booth, who is being developed for these manifestations,—hands of various sizes were presented from behind a dark curtain in her presence. We are glad to learn that there are many mediums in various sections of the country, being developed for this wonderful phase of manifestations. Mrs. Andrews, who is a very intelligent lady, is far the best we have ever seen, and it is a matter of regret that a better system and order can not be maintained. Old Mr. Keeler and his wife are good, honest, plain people, but they can not always regulate the sittings satisfactorily. We lectured in the town on Friday evening; a good audience assembled, and they were very attentive.

We left Moravia with many pleasant memories on Saturday; and after a delightful ride of twelve hours through the most romantic and beautiful country we have ever seen, we arrived safely at home.

We shall close this notice with a communication from Father Pierpont:

"My Good Friend:—You have had additional evidence of the absolute necessity of the observance of the laws if you would have good manifestations. The discord which was apparent on the external plane at that house, was a great deal more than exists among the spirits who come there. If it were not that I feel the importance of this work just now, I should have left them altogether before this. Persons come there determined to sit in the room, whether they are in harmony with others there or not, and so spirits come and demand that they shall be materialized, and while those spirits, who prepare the proper elements for presenting material forms, are at work, they crowd in and demand that they shall have the privilege of appropriating. The result is, that very few new forms can be materialized. The only thing they can do is, to put forward some of those who have been materialized many times, and who are able to bear this even amid the discord on the external and internal planes; but unless there is a better condition of things, the whole affair will end in confusion."

Enough, however, has been shown to prove that under favorable conditions, spirits can and will materialize themselves, and it now remains to be seen, who will establish the most orderly and perfect conditions and receive the best manifestations of this character.

"I will venture to offer some suggestions of a general character, which, of course, will be modified by locality and conditions of mediumship."

"First: Form your circles of from eight to twelve persons."

"Second: Sit about twice a week for half an hour in the dark, with singing or speaking, then have a moderate light and continue your sitting half an hour."

"If these directions are carried out for a short time there will almost always be something given by the spirits which will enable you to reach satisfactory results. Manifestations have occurred without having harmony, but it must be evident that they will be improved in proportion as this exists. The command given to one of old, remains to be true. 'When thou bringest thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thou hast sought against thy brother, leave there thy gift, and go and be reconciled to him and then come and offer thy gift.'"

Irregularities in Saintdom.

The epidemic of clerical irregularities, or, more justly, alleged irregularities, which is unfortunately sweeping over the country just now, has provoked a wide discussion by the secular and religious press, and become the very general topic of conversation. The Episcopal Convention recently in session in this city, happened upon it, and, naturally enough, as it was occasioned by a revision of the canons of the diocese which provide for the administration of the affairs of the Church. After a spirited debate it was decided that hereafter all ecclesiastical trials shall be held privately.—Missouri Democrat.

REMARKS.

Is it possible that Christians have discovered that there are "clerical irregularities?" May an "epidemic unfortunately be sweeping over the country just now?" For twenty years these clerical gentlemen have been on the track of Spiritualism, howling "free love,"—and now their constituents have discovered that they are themselves somewhat tainted with that kind of "Spiritualism."

Well, it is good policy to bear in mind that "a thief is always crying thief;" and to look at home a little before going abroad, is best. Clerical irregularities have existed as long as there has been clerical men,—only they used to be piously covered up with the "mantle of charity." To-day, the printing press, that old satan invented some hundred years ago, aided by the "free loving souls whom he has led astray," is bringing before the eyes of the public the pious acts of these holy, clerical men who see nothing but dirt in everything that does not tend to bring them bread and butter,—thus demonstrating that, although they have been "born of the holy spirit," and are "called and sent ministers of God," they are no better than the generality of mankind. But this exposing of ministers must be stopped,—and how? Why, say these men, we will hereafter try our unfortunate brothers in secret. Suppose E. V. Wilson, or some other prominent Spiritualist lecturer, should be guilty of "irregularities," and a dozen Spiritualists, should form themselves into an ecclesiastical court, and secretly try him, to see whether or not he was guilty, what would these reverend gentlemen have to say?

Possibly these men will shortly discover that there is not much logic in their free love argument, as they have heretofore supposed, and that because there may be a few unfortunate men adhering to a system of religion,—it does not necessarily prove that system false in its teachings. The fact is, the world is full of misery, crime and woe; full of men who, having been surrounded by improper influences, have grown up with imperfect organizations. Such individuals are deserving of pity, and should be treated as brothers,—not cursed and driven away as is the plan of Christians. We should all labor to alleviate the sufferings of humanity,—to stay the bloody hand of crime, and make the world better. This can only be effected through the instrumentality of proper education.

My father and Mr. Hunter, of this place, visited the gallery of Mr. A. D. Willis, in Crawfordsville, Indiana, a few days ago, and received good spirit photographs. Mr. Willis has a splendid gallery, and is doing all he can for those who visit him, by way of giving them substantial evidence of immortality.

Wellington, Ill. GEO. C. ARMSTRONG.

Frontier Department.

BY..... E. V. WILSON.

Plain Talk to Mesdames Woodhull and Claflin.

MRS. WOODHULL AND TENNIS CLAFLIN—LADIES: In your Weekly—late number—you hold S. S. Jones and E. V. Wilson jointly responsible for each other's thoughts. Copying your example, *The American Spiritualist* assumes the same policy, and each of you have written and given to the world bitter words, and expressed anything but the truth in regard to us.

First: We are not in any manner responsible for what S. S. Jones writes, says, or does; nor is he for us. We do not approve all that S. S. Jones approves; and we know that he does not approve all we say, write, or do, and yet we see in each, the desire to do the right.

Second: We have respected you, because we thought you meant well, hence, have never assaulted you or yours. We were urged by John Gage, of Vineland, Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, and others, to pursue a passive policy toward you and yours. They were our joint friends. Many ladies have said to us, "Mrs. Woodhull will not stoop to do, write, and countenance a mean or little thing." To them we answered, "We will wait and see," but our convictions are opposed to your counsels.

Third: We are now fully satisfied that our convictions were right, and the advice of our joint friend wrong, and that they were founded truly on sympathy for the cause of woman, rather than the noble qualities of the true woman, supposed to exist in you. We regret this exceedingly, for we had hoped, yea desired, that the mother of the present Christ Idea, might step forth from among the fallen of your sex, Mary-like, having tasted the depths of error, sorrow, and bitterness, only to rise up to a full knowledge of all joy, wisdom, and good will toward all the human family, but we are disappointed.

Fourth: If any living being had cause to complain of us in regard to "Plain Talk to Dr. Slade," that being was Dr. Slade, and not Victoria Woodhull,—"The New Departure" Candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Dr. Slade's letters to us sets him all right and leaves you, your paper, and *The American Spiritualist*, in a ludicrous position, that you are welcome to.

Fifth: What a coming down from the pinnacle of presidential ambition, aspiration, and hopes! How the great have fallen! Oh Victoria! how you have stooped to attack us, "The Gentle Wilson," who is only known through "his Advertising Corner" of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, to "the contracted spheres of the West." My sister, we had hoped for better things. In "The Modern Joan of Arc," we were looking for a heroic Florence Nightingale under the influence of a "Demosthenese,"—rising to the dignity of a Caesar, as the standard bearer of Woman's Rights, but instead of which, we find you stooping to the influence of A. Wheelock and others of his ilk, in your dirty attack on us.

Sixth: You may, and probably will, undertake to exonerate yourself in declaring, "We did not write or dictate the attack on you." That will not excuse you, ladies, for you have established a precedence in holding S. S. Jones responsible jointly with us, in our "Plain Talk to Dr. Slade." We have taken no part in the attack made upon you by Dr. Bailey, Hudson Tuttle, and others, nor will we. We have not abused or struck you; but you, without warning, or a cause, struck us. We are now through with this whole matter, for we have accomplished more than we expected. We have cleared up the dark cloud that hung over Bro. Slade, caused him to be the best advertised medium in the world,—proved him an honest and upright man. We have furnished brain-thought for the *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, *The American Spiritualist*, several ex-minutes and many minor characters; in fact, we were never so fully impressed with the importance of what we say and do, as we have been since our "Plain Talk to Dr. Slade."

And now, Mesdames Woodhull and Claflin, we are not angry with you; we rather like you, go on and try to keep clear of the influence of the spirits of the dead *Crucible*, *Present Age*, and the magnetism of the sick *American Spiritualist*, and there may be hopes entertained that you will survive the defeat that awaits you at the ballot-box next November.

Miles Grant and E. V. Wilson.

Below we present our readers with an Adventist's idea of us. It speaks a falsehood. We never arranged to discuss with Elder Miles Grant, or any other Advent minister or false prophet in Chicago or elsewhere, that we did not keep our engagement. It is true that we published the resolution as stated below, and it has not been accepted.

So far as Miles Grant is concerned, he has been whipped so often and so bad that the Adventists themselves are loosing faith in him. Since his terrible defeat at our hands in Dansville, N. Y., he has been considered a second-class sort of man. And I believe it can be sustained that Bro. Cogswell (who, by the way, is an honest but deluded man), and his flock were greatly disappointed in the Prophet Miles Grant. Dr. Houghton swallowed this prophet of the *Crisis* in Ohio so completely, that he was three days before he found himself out of our whale's belly.

Bro. Moses Hull rubbed him out in New England, and he had to go to California and eat grapes, and now he is back again, and his teeth chattered for fight. Well, Miles, we are disposed to give you a chance to get rid of a little of your conceit. We will meet you in Illinois, Iowa, or Kansas, this fall, some time in September, October, or November, at such place and time as may be hereafter determined on, in discussion.

Resolved, That the New Testament, King James Version, sustains Modern Spiritualism.

The discussion is to be governed by strict Parliamentary Rules. Will you be the "David to hurl a Stone of Truth" (?) from the Sling of Adventism, at "The Sledge Hammer of the West?" We are waiting to hear from you.

Our address is Lombard, Dupage county, Ill. From the *World's Crisis*, May 1st, 1872. Yes, "to-day Bro. Whiting is with the Gods, meet companion for the great souls of the spirit-world; and there are no Adventists there, all are Spiritualists."

E. V. Wilson's Appointments for July.

We will lecture in Cresco, Iowa, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, at 7:45, and on Sunday morning at 10:45, July 5th, 6th, 7th,—four lectures; in Saugatuck and Ganges, Mich., on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, at 7:45, and on Sunday morning at 10:45, July 12th, 13th,

and 14th,—four lectures; in Pentwater, Mich., on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, July 10th, 20th, and 21st,—four lectures. The evening lecture will commence at 7:45; the Sunday morning lecture at 10:45. Will lecture in Berlin, Wis., on Friday and Saturday evenings at 7:45; again on Sunday at 10:45 A.M., and 7 1/2 P.M., July 26th, 27th, and 28th,—four lectures.

Let all liberal-minded men and women come to the rescue and save the people from dogmas of the church.

Dr. M. M. TOUSEY, of Angola, N. Y., has given up traveling, and located a permanent office. See his advertisement.

DR. MILLER'S HOME OF HEALTH, No. 41 West Twenty-sixth street, is just the place for you to stop when in New York city.

J. M. CHOATE was in attendance at the Sturgis Convention. Mr. Choate is an excellent test medium. His lectures, too, are always entertaining and instructive.

Mrs. Gould and Corwin.

The above named well-known mediums will visit Springfield, Carthage and Kansas City; then they will go to Davenport and Rock Island, after which they will make a tour through the Southern states.

City Entertainments.

[For the week ending June 29th.]

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—No. 159 and 161 South Halsted street, near Madison, C. R. Gardner, sole manager. This favorite place of amusement has for an attraction this week Malder's great drama of Border life, *BUFFALO BILL*. Its merits are sufficient to crowd the house. This is always a popular place of resort.

GLOBE THEATRE.—No. 56 and 58 Desplaines street, Col. J. H. Wood, proprietor. Emerson's California Minstrels, having just closed a successful engagement on the south side, are now at the Globe. This troupe is acknowledged by the press and public to be one of the most perfect minstrel organizations now traveling. Grand family matinee on Wednesday and Saturday at 2 o'clock P.M.

WEST SIDE OPERA HOUSE.—Corner of Jefferson and Randolph streets, S. Myers, manager. This emporium of fun—really refined amusement—for the first time has the long-promised sensational picture, entitled *PROGRESS*, illustrating the greatest epoch in the world's history, viz: the burning down of Chicago and its rebuilding, representing Chicago in ruins, and a graphic and truthful portrait of Potter Palmer's hotel in 1855, painted by R. H. Halley.

NIXON'S CIRCUS.—Clinton street, between Washington and Randolph. The Royal Yeddo Japanese Troupe are now at Nixon's. Everybody should see them. The grand fairy spectacle of *CINDERELLA*, by 75 beautiful children, every afternoon.

Married.

On Tuesday, June 18th, 1872, in Hampshire, Illinois, Mr. Erastus G. Prentice, of same place, to Miss Josephine Frances Smith of Collins, New York, by Mrs. Fannie T. Young, of Boston, Mass.

Special Notices.

Use Dr. Henry's World's Tonic and Blood Purifier.

It is the great household remedy, pleasant to take, yet potent for the prevention and cure of diseases. It is better than Bitters, Cordial, Buchu or Sarsaparilla. Sold by Druggists.

Dr. Henry's Root and Plant Pills.

Mild yet thorough—no nausea or griping—entirely vegetable—great liver remedy. Price 25 cents. Sold by Druggists.

Mrs. Whitcomb's Syrup.

The great soothing remedy. Price only 25 cents. Gives rest to the mother and health to the child. Sold by Druggists.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.—Copies of Spirit Likenesses can be had at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of thirty cents.

Any book or treatise published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, touching on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, Liberal Thought and Progress, can be obtained through return mail by remitting to Dr. Allen Pence, Terre Haute, Ind., box 54, at the publisher's price.

Mr. Lyman C. Howe,

Trance Speaker, will lecture before the First Society of Spiritualists, at their Hall, No. 99 West Randolph St., every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 A.M., and 7 P.M.

Cured and Rid of a Bad Habit.

This is to certify that I was an invalid, very bad off, and a most inveterate user of tobacco. I applied to the celebrated healing medium, Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, for relief. I am happy to certify to the fact that her diagnosis of my case was perfectly correct, and her prescriptions speedily restored me to health.

For my inveterate longing for tobacco, she prescribed her celebrated tobacco antidote; one box of which, costing me only two dollars, has entirely destroyed all appetite for the poisonous weed in any form. Indeed, I feel like a new man. I am a Frenchman by birth, and now engaged at the Cornell Watch Factory, Chicago. I most respectfully advise all who would be healed of their maladies, or cured of the filthy and injurious habit of using tobacco, to address Mrs. Robinson for a prescription. Chicago, Ill. ERNEST E. SANDAZ.

New Advertisements.

JUNIOR UNMASKED, or THOMAS PAINE the Author of the *LETTERS OF JUNIOR*. A demonstration. Over 300 copies, and not one incompatible fact. 335 pages. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

CLUBS! L. L. FAIRCHILD, Rolling Prairie, Wis., 160 Papers and Magazines. AGENTS WANTED! Any paper you want! Send stamp for particulars. Post-Masters, Merchants, Clerks, Teachers, Gents, and Ladies wanted as Agents everywhere. Good references. [v12n16ov1y]

Bang's Family Seances FOR

Physical Manifestations On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, at 227 South Morgan street, commencing at 8 o'clock, P.M. Admission \$1.00. [v12n15-1f]

McFadden & Cook's Boarding House, 148 West Washington St. The above-named parties have as nice a boarding house as there is in the city of Chicago, and solicit Spiritualists and others who may visit the city to patronize their house. They board by the day or week.

DR. J. R. NEWTON WILL HEAL THE SICK at the *STERN* Home, Cleveland, Ohio, for one month, commencing July 1st. Diseases often cured with one or two treatments that have been considered incurable. All not able to pay are cordially invited "without money and without price." [v12n15-1f]

CARPENTERS, BUILDERS, and all who contemplate Building, will find our new illustrated Catalogue on receipt of three cent stamps. A. J. BICKNELL & CO. ARCHITECTURAL BOOK PUBLISHERS. 27 Warren St., N. Y.

CRANE & BYRON, Blank Book Manufacturers, Stationers, Printers, Binders, Engravers, and Publishers of Spelling's Treatise, and a thorough, complete, and beautiful series of Legal and Commercial Blanks of every description. Correspondence solicited. Topeka, Kansas.

Sure Remedy for Cataract and Neuritis. I HAVE THE ONLY Remedy that will cure these diseases. In no case will it fail. Sent by mail. Large bottles \$2; small, \$1. [v12n15f]

SPIRIT LIKENESSES.—Don't fail. Spirit likenesses of the Lincoln Family and Franklin. The Doctor holds a key, symbol for Benjamin Franklin, taken from the clouds. Both photos carry with them the evidence of mediumship not to be gained by any honest spirit artist. Address S. S. JONES, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, enclosing 60 cents for the two photographs.

PHILADELPHIA SPIRITUALISTS' HOME. 241 NORTH ELEVENTH STREET has been opened for the accommodation of transient and other boarders.

Reformers Visiting the city will find this a congenial home by the day or week. [v12n16ov3f]

BOARDING IN NEW YORK CITY. Pleasant rooms and good board in a first-class location at reasonable rates, at

DR. MILLER'S HOME OF HEALTH, 41 West Twenty-sixth Street, NEW YORK.

Turkish baths, Electric baths, Movement cure and Lifting cure in the establishment for those requiring them. Address MILLER, HAYNES & CO. [v12n14]

PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER, diagnosis of disease, cause and remedy, from the handwriting, photograph or lock of hair. Better satisfaction is generally secured where the age and sex of the subject is given, if unaccompanied by a photograph. TERMS.—Delineation of character, with limits in regard to occupation and health, \$2.00; diagnosis of disease, with advice and prescription, \$2.00; delineation, diagnosis and prescription—worth more than its cost to any one in health or sickness, \$5.00 and two three-cent stamps.

Fifteen years of varied and successful experience and practice as a medium, healer and psychometrist is the warrant for this announcement. Address DR. M. M. TOUSEY, ANGOLA, Erie County, N. Y. [v12n16m6]

A. BUNDY, LIVE STOCK COMMISSION DEALER, UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO, - ILL. Consignment respectfully solicited and promptly attended to. [v12n14tf]

Mrs. DeWolf, Clairvoyant AND TEST MEDIUM, and Mrs. Moody, MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, have established an office at 165 West Madison St., for the cure of disease and for business consultations. They will give to those who visit them or write, giving age and leading symptoms, examination and prescription. Terms by letter, \$2.00 [v12n12-2w]

AGENTS WANTED FOR GOODE'S PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN BOOK EVERY CITIZEN WANTS IT. The great work of the year. PROSPECTUS, postpaid, 75 cents. An immense sale guaranteed. Also for my CAMPAIGN CHARTS and NEW MAP. J. W. GOODE, CHICAGO, Cincinnati or St. Louis.

Helen Harlow's Vow. By Lois Walsbrooker. All who have read Mrs. Walsbrooker's "ALICE VALE" will be sure to read this splendid story. It is dedicated "To Woman Everywhere, and to Wronged and Outcast Women Especially."

The author says: "In dedicating this book to woman in general, and to the outcast in particular, I am prompted by a love of justice, as well as by the desire to arouse woman to that self-assertion, that self-justice which will insure justice for others." A WORK OF NEARLY 300 PAGES, BEAUTIFULLY GOTTEN UP. Price, \$1.50; postage 20 cents. —O— Alice Vale. A STORY FOR THE TIMES. By Lois Walsbrooker.

This is one of the very best books in our catalogue. This and HELEN HARLOW'S VOW deserve a circulation equal to GATES AJAR and HEDGED IN, which is saying a great deal. Price, \$1.25; postage 16 cents. ALICE VALE and HELEN HARLOW'S VOW sent to one address for \$3.00.

THE KORAN, COMMONLY CALLED The Alcoran of Mohammed.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH IMMEDIATELY FROM THE ARABIC WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES TAKEN FROM THE MOST APPROVED COMMENTATORS, TO WHICH IS PREFIXED A PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE, By Geo. Sale, Gent. Fifth edition, with a memoir of the translator and with various readings and illustrative notes from Savary's version of the Koran. Large 12 mo. 670 pp. The best edition ever published in the English Language. Price, library binding, \$3.25; postage, 40 cents; substantially bound in cloth, \$2.75; postage, 40 cents. The same translation with the Notes, Preliminary discourse, etc., omitted, and containing the *Life of Mohammed*, bound in cloth, and containing 472 pp. Price, \$1.50; postage, 24 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

The Spiritual Harp, The New Music Book, For the Choir, Congregation, and Social Circle.

Over one-third of its poetry, and three-quarters of its music are original. Some of America's most gifted and popular musicians have written expressly for it. THE SPIRITUAL HARP is a work of over three hundred pages, comprising SONGS, DUETS, and QUARTETS, with PIANO, ORGAN, or MELODEON accompaniment. Single copy.....\$2.00 Full gilt.....3.00 6 copies.....19.00 12 copies.....36.00

When sent by mail 24 cents additional required on each copy.

Abridged edition of the *SPIRITUAL HARP*, containing one hundred and four pages, price \$1.00; postage 16 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

EVERYBODY should read the JOURNAL: only \$1.50 a year to new subscribers before the 1st of January, 1873.

LOOK TO YOUR CHILDREN THE GREAT SOOTHING REMEDY! 25cts. MRS. 25cts. WHITCOMB'S SYRUP FOR CHILDREN. Cures Colic and Griping in the bowels, and facilitates the process of Teething. Subdues all eruptions and overcomes the teething fever. Infants and children. PRICE 25 CENTS. Cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint, and Children of all ages. PRICE 25 CENTS. Relieves pain, weakness, exhaustion, and restores the system. It is the Infants' and Children's Great Soothing Remedy, in all disorders brought on by teething or any other cause. Be particular in asking for MRS. WHITCOMB'S SYRUP, take no other. Prepared by the GRACE MEDICINE CO., Louisville, Mo. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere. BUY ME AND ILL YOU GOOD.

DR. HENRY'S ROOT & PLANT PILLS. By cleansing the blood and arousing the liver and secretory organs to a healthy action, Dr. Henry's Root and Plant Pills cure many complaints which it would not be supposed they could reach, such as Headache, Pain in the Side, Stomach, Chills, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Loss of Appetite, Bilious Dysentery, Kidney Affections, Constipation, Debility, Fevers of all kinds, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints arising from a low state of the body, or obstruction of its functions. Being free from Mercury and other poisons they can be taken at all times and under all circumstances, without regard to diet, business or pleasure. They stimulate the weakened and distempered parts into healthy action, giving them strength to dislodge themselves and throw off the obstructions which are the first cause of disease, without producing either nausea or griping. All heavy and drowsy sensations, which are the forerunners of direful diseases such as Apoplexy, Paralytic Strokes, &c. are effectually ward off by a few doses of these searching Pills. Full directions around each box, in English, German, French and Spanish. Price 25 Cents a box. Prepared by the Grace Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

THE MOST ELEGANT BOOK OF THE SEASON, ENTITLED, POEMS OF PROGRESS. BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN. Author of "Poems from the Inner Life." IN THE NEW BOOK WILL BE FOUND ALL THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL Inspirational Poems Given by Miss Doten since the publication of her popular "Poems from the Inner Life," TOGETHER WITH A FINE STEEL ENGRAVING OF THE TALENTED AUTHORESS. All Who Have Read Her "Poems from the Inner Life," WILL WANT ITS COMPANION, THE Poems of Progress. EVERY SPIRITUALIST, EVERY FREE-THINKER, EVERY REFORMER, Should have a copy of it. Price, \$1.50; postage 20 cents. Full Gilt, \$2.00; postage 30 cents. For sale by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

A New Scientific Work SAFENA OR THE MENTAL CONSTITUTION. BY ARTHUR MERTON. In Mental Science the world has had a surfeit of worthless speculations. It now asks and needs exact and positive knowledge, such as guides the Astronomer, the Mechanic, the Chemist, or the Physiologist, to certain success in his labors. The discoveries set forth in this volume answer this great need. They bring order out of chaos, and reduce all mental action and laws to exact mathematical statements. Thus they open to us a new world of thought and life, for the mental laws relate us to every sphere and every act of duty and pleasure. The truths here explained are of supreme interest and importance to all classes of persons. Not only is this the case with regard to its general ideas, it is also true of their special applications. The farmer, the cook, the mechanic, the architect, the artist, the literary man, the student, the teacher, and the parent, will each find here new truths which relate to his special duties or pursuits. An examination of the table of contents will at once show this to be the case. The condensed style of the author has enabled him to treat each of the many topics embraced in this volume with great clearness. For example, in the second chapter the reader will find the Signs of Character described, and to get the same knowledge elsewhere, he would have to purchase a volume costing five times the price of this. So the Word Analysis, in the seventh chapter, and the Laws of Conjugal Love, in the sixth, are equally examples of condensed and lucid statement. The SAFENA has about 200 pages, well illustrated with engravings. Price, in cloth, \$1.00. Sent by mail postpaid.

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SAFENA OR THE MENTAL CONSTITUTION. BY ARTHUR MERTON. In Mental Science the world has had a surfeit of worthless speculations. It now asks and needs exact and positive knowledge, such as guides the Astronomer, the Mechanic, the Chemist, or the Physiologist, to certain success in his labors. The discoveries set forth in this volume answer this great need. They bring order out of chaos, and reduce all mental action and laws to exact mathematical statements. Thus they open to us a new world of thought and life, for the mental laws relate us to every sphere and every act of duty and pleasure. The truths here explained are of supreme interest and importance to all classes of persons. Not only is this the case with regard to its general ideas, it is also true of their special applications. The farmer, the cook, the mechanic, the architect, the artist, the literary man, the student, the teacher, and the parent, will each find here new truths which relate to his special duties or pursuits. An examination of the table of contents will at once show this to be the case. The condensed style of the author has enabled him to treat each of the many topics embraced in this volume with great clearness. For example, in the second chapter the reader will find the Signs of Character described, and to get the same knowledge elsewhere, he would have to purchase a volume costing five times the price of this. So the Word Analysis, in the seventh chapter, and the Laws of Conjugal Love, in the sixth, are equally examples of condensed and lucid statement. The SAFENA has about 200 pages, well illustrated with engravings. Price, in cloth, \$1.00. Sent by mail postpaid.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Ave., Chicago.

MICROSCOPES, OPERA-GLASSES, Spy-Glasses, Mathematical Instruments, Drawing Materials, Magic-Lanterns, Philosophical Instruments. The following illustrated manuals sent on receipt of 10 cents each: PART I. MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS. 155 pp. PART 2. OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS. 110 pp. PART 3. MAGIC LANTERNS & STEREOSCOPES. 88 pp. PART 4. PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENTS. 65 pp. JAMES W. QUEEN & CO., 224 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, and 835 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. [v12n7-6m]

Golden Discovery.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord's Great Clairvoyant Liver Remedy and Blood Purifier.

This preparation was given Mrs. Lord while in a clairvoyant condition. It has been well tested and has won for itself the name of the *Golden Discovery*, the *Wonder of the Age*, and which we offer the public without any fear of competition. It is composed of active remedies particularly adapted to the difficulties above named, balanced by others, rendering it a favorite panacea in many other difficulties that arise from an unhealthy state of the Liver. It not only finds its positive anchorage upon the Liver,

THE GREAT RESERVOIR TO THE HUMAN SYSTEM, cleansing and bringing a healthier tone and permanent cure, but it gives tone to the digestive organs, dispels languor, acts upon the kidneys and bowels, has a grand effect upon Catarrh, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Bilious Diseases, Fevers, and Inflammatory Difficulties, allays Nervous Debility, and by cleansing the biliary organs, it ENIGMES MOTH PATCHES AND SALLOWNNESS FROM THE SKIN.

will also remove the effects of poisonous and deleterious substances that have long remained in the system. THIS REMEDY CONTAINS NO POISONOUS DRUGS, IS PURELY VEGETABLE, in its action, and is calculated to find all the obstructions and diseased places in the system, to loosen the vessels, and do a great work without weakening the patient or producing pain or catharsis; while if sufficient is taken (directions followed) it will cure the most rigid constipation.

WE CHALLENGE THE MEDICAL FACULTY AND THE WORLD at large to produce a remedy, the combination so simple and harmless, and yet so grand and potent, as this given through clairvoyance, and which we in the highest confidence point to the world, already flooded with remedies, claiming rare virtues, and many as specifics. This remedy has been tested over and over, each time proving itself successful and giving entire satisfaction. We ask the public to give it a fair and impartial trial, feeling no prejudice can, after testing it, prevent any fair adopting it as a

FAVORITE FAMILY MEDICINE.

Prompt replies to letters will be received by inclosing postage-stamp. Diagnosis can also be obtained on receipt of \$1, by giving the name, age, sex, and residence of the patient. The better practice is to add a lock of hair, and specify some of the leading symptoms. It would have been felt upon the scalp,—it causing a smarting sensation. I continued the use of this preparation about three months, when I could see the hair starting in spots all over my head, and I now have a very comfortable head of hair, which money cannot buy. I am asked every day how it is, and what I had used to bring my hair back, all agreeing that it is unaccountably strange, etc., etc. And here let me state, that not one of all the eminent physicians I had consulted had given any encouragement, but, on the contrary, had told me that I never would get a head of hair.

I can fully substantiate the foregoing by 10,000 witnesses, if necessary, and will answer correspondents if desired. M. E. SMITH. Springfield, Mo.

Single bottle of medicine, \$1.00; or 6 bottles for \$5. MAUD E. LORD, Physical and Test Medium. All business letters addressed to W. G. HOOKER, General Agent, 25 1/2 Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A Good Head of Hair Restored by a Spirit Prescription.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—For the benefit of my friends and the world, I desire to make this brief statement. I have been almost entirely bald for about six years. Had tried almost everything that I could hear recommended, and firmly believed that nothing could restore my hair.

One year ago this month I wrote Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the healing medium, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, as a last resort—or, rather, to please my wife. Mrs. R. immediately prescribed for me. I did not get all the ingredients for the Restorative until some time in June, 1871. I then commenced using it as directed, and was encouraged, because it was the first application that had been felt upon the scalp,—it causing a smarting sensation. I continued the use of this preparation about three months, when I could see the hair starting in spots all over my head, and I now have a very comfortable head of hair, which money cannot buy. I am asked every day how it is, and what I had used to bring my hair back, all agreeing that it is unaccountably strange, etc., etc. And here let me state, that not one of all the eminent physicians I had consulted had given any encouragement, but, on the contrary, had told me that I never would get a head of hair.

I can fully substantiate the foregoing by 10,000 witnesses, if necessary, and will answer correspondents if desired. M. E. SMITH. Springfield, Mo.

Mr. Smith inclosed a lock of his hair along with the above letter. It is about one inch in length, and of a dark brown color, soft and lively as that of a young man of twenty.

Mrs. Robinson diagnoses the case and furnishes the Restorative complete (sent by express or by mail) on receipt of a letter in the handwriting of the applicant or a lock of hair. She diagnoses each case, and compounds the *Hair Restorative* to suit the temperament of each person whose hair is to be restored.

The Restorative never fails to reproduce a good head of hair in less than one year, no matter how long the applicant may have been bald.

Address Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, Ill., inclosing \$5.00, which covers full expense of diagnosing, remedy, and postage or expressage.

NEW SPIRIT ROOMS. 341 W. Madison St.

The question is often asked, "Where can I go to get Spirit Tests and the Proof of the Immortality of the Soul?" and many an earnest investigator of Spiritualism has long felt the necessity of having some suitable place for holding Circles and Cabinet Seances for Spirit Tests and Development.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord, the well-known Physical and Test Medium, will hold Circles and Cabinet Seances on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evenings of each week, at 8 o'clock sharp, at the above No., until further notice. Parties wishing Special Circles can arrange for them at any time, by making application at the rooms. Terms per sitting: Gents \$1.00; Ladies 50 cents. Mediums from abroad are invited to give us a call and demonstrate their phase of mediumship. Individuals from the country, coming here to investigate the Phenomena of Spiritualism, will be accommodated with Board by the Day or Week, at Reasonable Rates.

Mrs. Jorgensen may also be consulted upon any and all questions pertaining to Human Life and its Real Interests, whether of a Spiritual, Social, or Business Nature, at her rooms at the above Number. Terms \$2.00 per sitting. Social Calls received on Fridays, Afternoon and Evening.

Is Spiritualism True? A LECTURE BY PROF. DENTON.

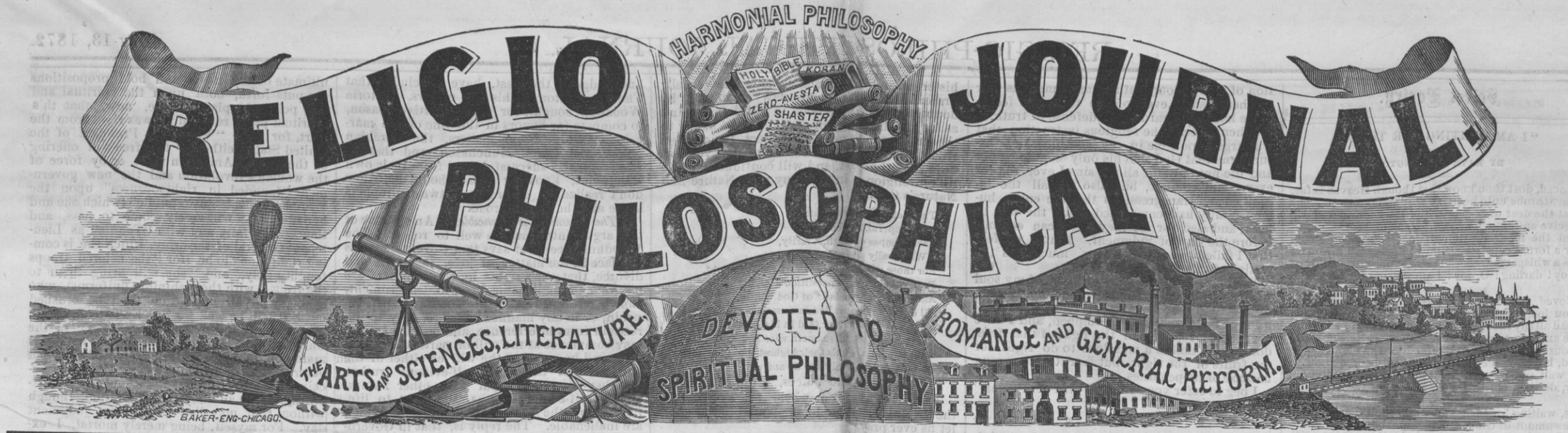
Price 15 cents; postage 2 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail at the office of this paper.

Art Gallery.

Rose Brothers, 362 State Street. The above-named firm have a fine sky-light gallery, and are taking Photographs and Tin-Types of the very best quality at greatly reduced prices, and warrant entire satisfaction.

They have heretofore been enabled to get a few spirit likenesses, and hope, by and by, to make it a specialty. At present they are unable to get any that will warrant them in giving assurance of success in that line. If they, by accident, should succeed, that will be to the advantage of the patron, without any extra charge for the spirit likeness.

They furnish copies of an excellent spirit likeness of a lady, taken by them in the night time—the camera being focused on the blaze of a lamp only. They have another, taken in TOTAL DARKNESS—a perfect likeness of a lady. Perfect copies of either likeness will be furnished and sent by mail on receipt of thirty cents. [v12n12-1f]



Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOLUME XII.

S. S. JONES, EDITOR,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, JULY 13, 1872.

{ \$3.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE; }
{ SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS. }

NUMBER 17.

Select Poetry.

THE OTHER WORLD.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred;
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently laid in loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us watch us still,
Pass nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught—
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

AMONG THE SPIRITS.

The Haunted House at the Old Brick Yard—The Spirits in Possession Interviewed by a Party of Scientific Gentlemen from London and the Eastern Press.

(From the *Lafayette* (Ind.) *Courier*.)

It has long been the habit of cultured people—saying and excepting the large and respectable class who in modern times have given in their adherence to the doctrine of "Spiritualism," so called—to utterly repudiate the notion so prevalent among the uneducated, that the spirits of the departed ever return to the scenes of their former existence, or that aught can be known by mortals of the spirit-world. Supernatural manifestations are supposed by the learned to have long since ceased to puzzle the human understanding, at least, so the learned would have the rest of the world believe, and yet the truth is, that there is only a very small part of the human family that does not in secret entertain something more than a suspicion, that the same occult power that far back in the olden time called up at the bidding of Saul, King of Israel, the shade of the dead Prophet Samuel, may still exist, and that a few daring delvers into those mysterious sciences which time out of mind have thrown a halo of mystery around the remote East, may still possess a mystical knowledge which penetrates that outlying region, at the margin of which modern learning pauses, and ventures no further.

With these few preliminary remarks, we call our readers' attention to the rather well known fact that for a long time there has been a

CURIOUS POPULAR SUPERSTITION

that a certain unpretending edifice occupying a desolate spot, once the site of an old brick-yard, at the head of North street, extending eastward, and about half a mile beyond the city limits, was haunted, and that

STRANGE MANIFESTATIONS

have been witnessed by more than one of our citizens whose integrity rose above suspicion, although it might be questioned whether an excited imagination might not have materially aided the natural sense of sight, and transformed occurrences easily explainable by the simplest rules of chemistry and physics, into something altogether

INEXPLICABLE AND SUPERNATURAL.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the *Courier* has never given the smallest credence to these wild rumors, and has only occasionally referred to them as items of city news. On yesterday afternoon one or two gentlemen connected with the Eastern press, and a certain Professor Amos S. Dillington, F. R. S., of London, who had been for the last six or eight months engaged in a sporting and general pleasure trip through the extensive wilderness regions of Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee, arrived in town and accepted the hospitality of the editor of the *Courier*. In the course of conversation some reference was made to some extraordinary specimens of

ANCIENT MAGIC,

which were exhibited by a so-called Egyptian astrologer, in recovering a treasure which was deposited by one of the followers of the Spanish discoverer De Soto, opposite the head of President's Island, and a short distance below Memphis, Tennessee, last October. A full account of the strange affair was published in the *Memphis Daily Avalanche* of October 23 and 29, and caused considerable excitement in that enterprising Mississippi river city. Professor Dillington had accompanied the De Soto treasure seekers as representative of a learned society of which he was a member in London, and on hearing our haunted house alluded to, expressed a strong desire to make a personal investigation into the cause of the strange

lights and sounds which have given to the house at the old brick-yard

ITS UNENVIED REPUTATION.

A party was accordingly made up for a nocturnal visit to the haunted mansion, consisting of Professor Dillington, the eastern press representatives above referred to, Judge Higginbotham, of the Criminal Court, and a reporter of the *Courier*. At half-past eight, the party left in an open carriage, and after a brief drive, reached the scene of the night's adventure. The house, a small brick building, one and one-half stories in height, standing in a dreary spot, scarred by brick makers in former times, is now, and for a considerable time has been, unoccupied owing to the nameless dread which a large majority of mankind feel for residing in any habitation, however desirable, of which it is popularly supposed that the immaterial part of human beings long since passed away, have taken possession. An entrance was easily effected, and it was found that the ground floor consisted of two rooms. A thorough search of the premises was made, and the fact established, that there was no

SECRET CLOSET OR PASSAGE

that could be converted into a hiding place for any designing knave who expected to profit by imposing upon the credulity of the community. By 9 o'clock the exploration was finished, and the party arranged themselves as comfortably as circumstances would permit, and awaited events in an almost unbroken silence, which, our reporter is free to admit, was the very reverse of cheerful. For an hour there was no unusual demonstration. Rats played hide and seek beneath the floor and behind the ceiling, and the cry of a night bird occasionally disturbed the stillness without. At 10 o'clock came the

FIRST SURPRISE,

in the shape of a huge white wolf, which suddenly made its appearance in the room occupied by the party. Where he came from, or how he effected an entrance to an apartment every door and window of which had been carefully closed, our reporter declines conjecture; he relates what came under his own observation exactly as it appeared to him, and leave the task of explaining what is a little out of, and beyond his experience heretofore. The wolf trotted two or three times around the apartment, panting as though wearied by a long journey, and then crouching in the farthest corner, he uttered a prolonged howl. In an instant a dense fog filled the room, damp, nauseous and disgusting, such as might arise from a cemetery where an army had hastily interred, in graves all too shallow, the victims of a great battle. In a few minutes the mist lifted, and revealed standing near the wolf,

A STRANGE CREATURE,

unlike anything now known to natural history. Its body had the appearance of a gigantic frog, with jaws resembling those of an alligator and a tail like a kangaroo. For five minutes or more, this nondescript animal remained motionless, and was then almost instantly transformed into

A CLOUD-LIKE APPARITION

of an Indian, bearing in one hand a tomahawk and in the other a blazing torch. Striding past the astounded watchers, the shadowy "brave" made his exit through the door, which opened apparently of its own accord, and moved with rapid steps towards the old powder-house, a short distance away, in a north-easterly direction.

The party followed the ghost, or whatever it was, as rapidly as possible, and arrived at the old powder-house in time to see that the shade was apparently striving to undo the fastenings of the door. There was a gloomy, ferocious expression on his face, as though it contemplated some work of

FENISH DESTRUCTION,

and while all watched with breathless expectation, the phantom vanished. Slowly the "Spirit interviewers" made their way back to the haunted house, discussing the singularity of what they had witnessed, and hazarding conjectures as to the true explanation of the phantasmagoria. The press representatives were almost unanimously of the opinion that it was but a clever piece of jugglery, and hinted pretty broadly that "Lingle had been at no little trouble and expense to get up an original entertainment for his visitors from abroad, in order to give them some idea of the resources of Lafayette," of which he has the reputation of being rather proud, and for the substantial good of which he is always ready "to go the whole animal," to make use of a western classic phrase, more impressive than elegant. But Professor Dillington took a different and altogether different and serious view of the matter. "It was only until within a few months," he observed, "that he had been compelled to believe in the existence of

A KNOWLEDGE OF MAGIC

as anciently practiced in the minds of men still living, and with the consent and assistance of the gentlemen present, he would that night attempt by a spell taught him by the venerable eastern philosopher, whose superhuman knowledge had enabled him to bring to light the long-hidden treasure of the Spanish adventurer, on the banks of the Mississippi, to learn what the spectre was that haunted this isolated dwelling in a modern city of the practical, prosaic west, and for what purpose it made its visitations." The proposal was assented to, and while the rest of the party

REMAINED ON GUARD,

the Professor drove back to his lodging, and returned in half an hour with a coffer strongly clamped with iron. From this he took a short rod jointed like an ordinary cane, and much resembling it, but almost as heavy as lead, and

which imparted a thrill like an electric shock to the hand that grasped it. With this he proceeded to draw upon the floor—the rod making a bright red mark—a circle, seven feet, seven inches, and seven-sevenths of an inch in circumference. At intervals of 45 degrees on this circle, he inscribed with the rod certain mystical signs, and marked the center by those invariable accessories to magic wherever practiced, two interlaced triangles. Over the latter he placed a diminutive tripod, which supported a lamp composed of alternate rings of zinc and copper, which was filled with a fluid that emitted an almost overpowering pungent odor, and which burned when ignited with a sickly greenish flame. From the lamp depended a number of delicate metallic chains. Each of the party was requested to take one of these in his hand and be silent. The request was acceded to, and for the next few moments not a sound was audible, but all was conscious of an indescribable thrill that seemed to pervade every nerve and fiber of the system, and to render the individual as light as air. Then there was a slight rumbling sound, and

THE BUILDING SWAYED NOTICEABLY

from northeast to southwest, and then into the apartment marched, directly through one of the walls,

A STALWART INDIAN

in full war costume, and paused near the circle. Our reporter avers that there were a few pale-faces at this juncture, and that the representative of a prominent Greely and Brown organ "away down East" remarked audibly that he thought his family physician would recommend "about three fingers of old rye straight." Professor Dillington, however, retained his presence of mind completely, and at once addressed the apparition, demanding to know who he was, and why he returned at intervals from the land of Shadows. In a strange, gasping, husky voice, and in a jargon of broken French-English, with a smattering of the Indian dialect, the shade replied in substance, that in life he was known as "White Wolf," and that for many years, more than he could pretend to number, his family had been accustomed to tat-toe upon their right arms a representation of the

UNCOUTH ANIMAL

previously referred to, which ages ago abounded in Western rivers, and was regarded as a sort of semi-deity. That he had been buried with his fathers in the old Indian cemetery on Longlois' reservation, and rested quietly until the encroachments of a rapidly growing city had invaded the spot where his ashes and those of many who in life were dear to him were deposited. That this was the only way in which he could resent the indignity, and that he should continue to make his appearance in and about Lafayette until the spot sacred to the departed red men was cleared of the pale-faces' occupation. With this the spirit disappeared and the party of sight-seers returned to town. Professor Dillington entered into a long and learned discourse to prove that it is quite within the scope of science to show why such apparitions should and could appear to men under peculiar circumstances; but the crowded state of our columns prevents us from giving his views to the public.

We are, of course, aware that the foregoing reads like the wildest of sensations, and there are many, doubtless, who will doubt the authenticity of the report. To one and all we can only say that we have simply furnished an unvarnished statement of what was witnessed by more than one creditable person, and that we do not pretend to offer any explanation of the affair. It may not be out of place to add that the last family that occupied the haunted dwelling were driven from it in the night time by hideous sights and sounds, and declared that one thousand dollars would not induce them to venture again within the walls. A purse of fifty dollars, we understand, will be made up for any person who will spend the night in the house alone. We learn from Thomas Florer, of the Bee Hive, that a small party went out last night, and approaching the house, they saw four bright lights in the centre of the room moving slowly two and fro. They remained but a short time, and one of the party says he would not go back again for \$5,000 cash in hand. Judge Higginbotham has determined to make a visit alone, not for the fifty dollars offered, which would be no compensation for such a vigil, but to learn all that could be learned of this strange affair. Judge H. was formerly from Fayette county, Pennsylvania, as many of our citizens know, and in early life was especially fond of "ghost hunting" and sitting up in the haunted houses with which the old Keystone State abounds. He did not believe in spooks, and laughed the whole thing to scorn. He was accompanied in his investigations by one Lieutenant Morgan, who had achieved considerable reputation in this line. One night while inside of a haunted house at Braddock's Field, the historic battle ground on the Monongahela river, near Pittsburgh, they were startled by a loud and continuous roar, when suddenly a ball of fire appeared floating in the air in the northeast corner of the room. There was a puff or explosion and the room was filled with a blue transparent vapor, impregnated with sulphur. Both Higginbotham and Morgan were stricken blind. Mr. H. recovered his sight immediately on reaching the open air, and strange to say, his eyes which had before been rather weak, were entirely cured, and have since been perfectly well. Lieutenant Morgan, who will be remembered as the genial gentleman who visited Judge H. a few years since, was less fortunate. He was totally blind for nearly two months, when one morning he awoke with his eyesight perfectly restored.

He could give no explanation of this long night of darkness. There had been no film over the eye, and to all appearance it was a perfect organ. There was no inflammation, nothing to indicate the total blindness with which he was stricken. Still, Judge H. refused to believe that there was anything supernatural, and insisted that it was a trick, in which a local chemist was at the bottom.

Until his experience of night before last, he assures us that he has never encountered a supernatural visitor in any of their accredited haunts, but like Prof. Dillington, is now forced to believe that spirits do not invariably confine themselves to the other world.

He will return to the haunted house to-night and remain till morning. He vows he will go alone, but we think, on reflection, that he will conclude to take our reporter with him. We offer no theory or explanation touching these remarkable occurrences, we simply state facts, and leave others to draw their own conclusions. The locality of the haunted house is not generally understood. It is east of the city limits. Passing through Stockton and Barbee's grove by the traveled road south of the Valley round house, you enter the old Rossville road at the Bartholomew place, and proceeding eastward beyond Mr. Solinger's and the brick-yards, you come face to face with the house, which stands directly at the head of the road. It may be approached by the Burlington gravel road by turning to the left at the first lane this side of the Coleman farm. The boys never venture near the house after dark, but stand off at a safe distance and throw stones at the spooks. Not a window remains, and the house, though comparatively new, looks as desolate as an old ruin.

Spiritualism in Moravia.

(From the *Moravia News*.)

I attended two seances held at Morris Keeler's June 9th. The lady at the piano experienced numerous manifestations. Hands were laid upon her head and shoulders, and a voice which said so that all could hear, "Squaw, sing good."

Good instrumental music—also vocal, was furnished, in which spirit voices joined in bass and alto, and in perfect harmony with the voices in the circle. One piece thus sung was entitled the "Bunch of Roses," and during the singing of this piece a sweet perfume, as of roses, filled the room.

One voice now said: "Our voices are not hushed; we come back to sing for you still." Another voice now said, "It is not good to take one's own life, but I took mine. While I hung upon the tree I viewed my body. I left the hell which I had upon earth, and have gone to rest."

"What is your name," asked one who was in the circle.

The voice answered, "Aleck."

"What is your last name, if you please," asked another.

Answer:—"You know who I am—Aleck Royce." This voice sounded very near as this man's voice did when living, which many will know was somewhat peculiar.

Mrs. M. J. Brown saw the form of four persons dancing—two ladies and two gentlemen; also, the form of a darkey, singing and playing on a banjo. Calls for a light. No particular manifestations, and the seance closed.

SEANCE NO. 2,

exhibited numerous manifestations. During a second singing of the "Bunch of Roses," the pianoist was addressed by a child's voice, that said, "Dear mamma," in response to the sentiment of the song.

Calls for a light, and a bunch of roses was shown through an aperture in the door. The roses emitted a delightful fragrance, yet had the appearance of wax flowers. These were shown in quick succession. Several different faces shown, and one said, in distinct tones to this effect:

"That the impression of Spiritualism being a humbug would soon cease, and that it would soon become popular; that no one need be ashamed of being a Spiritualist; people would soon cease to attend such circles merely for curiosity. We visit those who are in prison, and comfort them as it were face to face," and other similar remarks.

Other demonstrations during these two seances—such as waves of air; sounds as if from accompanying instruments; sensations as of fine drops of rain; jarrings of the piano, when raps signified that the seance was closed for the day.

Mrs. Andrews never saw Aleck Royce; knew nothing of how he died, and none of his peculiarities of speech. About twenty persons attended these seances.

ANOTHER PERSON'S ACCOUNT.

At the second seance held at Morris Keeler's, June 18th, about sixteen or eighteen persons were present.

During the period of the dark circle, numerous manifestations—such as pattings, appearance of sprinklings, etc. During the light circle, several faces were distinctly seen which spoke in clear and distinct tones—moving the features in a life-like manner while so doing. Two of these faces were those of aged women. J. F. Chew and wife, of Camden, New Jersey, recognized in these faces those of their respective mother.

Mr. Chew's mother said: "Have things at home as they are here at this moment; close not your door against the erring one."

The controlling spirit of this seance said: "It makes no difference if we sit in the front or side; we shall all sit in front in heaven," and more remarks of a like character.

Mrs. Chew's mother said: "Mary," in a clear, distinct tone.

All these faces protruded far enough outside

the aperture to prove that these were not wax faces; and in speaking, their features moved naturally.

A private sitting followed this, and as in the former, Spiritual voices filled the room in harmony with the attending music.

In this seance Mr. Chew was powerfully exercised upon the name of "Jane" was spoken distinctly, and a voice called for a light. Sounds of guitar accompaniment were heard. Oliver Grace, of Rochester, recognized the face of Dr. Darius Shaw, of Lewiston, Niagara county, whose singular features were unmistakable. This form said, when asked to answer certain questions asked by Mr. Grace: "The heat is so oppressive, it is difficult to materialize the magnetism of the body." It also said: "I was a Spiritualist while upon earth, which has aided me much in the present Spiritual state." All the pieces sung during the above seances were accompanied by Spiritual voices.

Among the party of persons who composed this last seance, was Miss Nettie Tompkins, of Genesee county, New York, aged eighteen years, who had never learned a musical note, or taken a musical lesson upon any instrument, and yet, the most beautiful pianist that I ever heard. She played as if by inspiration, and her actions all seemed to be governed by some power wholly independent of her own.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE HOME CIRCLE.

Our short time since I chanced to meet one of our noted Spiritualists, and during my brief stay, some thoughts were suggested to my mind which, in my opinion, confutes the idea, that none but the sinner and ungodly embrace this doctrine. I publish this as one more evidence that Spiritualism has its redeeming traits.

Entering a sitting room of ample proportions, the first book which I discovered was the family Bible, which looked as though it had been read over and over again—one evidence that the word of God was sought after and read. A goodly number of books were shown me—all of a moral and religious nature.

Splendid pictures ornamented the parlor, among which, I recognized one called the "Guardian Angel," where a mother's form was hovering over her children who were lost in the wood.

No wonder that I asked myself the question: "Can God be displeased with all this, even though they decorated the rooms of a Spiritualist?"

Nay, verily, for where the love for the beautiful is, there is the love of God also.

If the love for the good and beautiful be identified with, and a part of, modern Spiritualism, let us thus give it all the praise it deserves at least. There is room for investigation.

But to close, I will say that a beautiful compliment offered me by my Spiritualist friend on the above occasion, is certainly worthy of thanks, which I here tender.

"Haunted."

The city of Brownsville, Tenn, is favored with a genuine haunted house. The *Brownsville States* says:

MYSTERIOUS.

One of the most beautiful and most desirable residences in our city has for some time past been visited by strange sounds, which at first no one paid any attention to. Of late, however, they have attracted so much attention from those living in the house, that they could not fail to notice that there was something of no ordinary character, and which was not of this world, in their midst. Only a few nights ago, while the family were at supper, a

GHOSTLY HAND.

appeared on the wall, while a sepulchral voice gave forth an agonizing scream, which sent cold chills through the veins of every member of the household, and caused the hair of one of the bravest men in our city to stand on end.

THE HOUSE

was thoroughly searched all over from cellar to garret, but nothing could be found to indicate the presence of any living being. Our friend who was afraid of being laughed at, concluded to say nothing of the matter to any one; but after further consideration, concluded to get a newspaper man to stand watch with him for one night, and see whether the same mysterious sounds would still visit the house. He called at this office, and we sent a reporter to find out all he could, not only for our own satisfaction but for the benefit of the public.

OUR REPORTER,

after arming himself, repaired to the residence, where he found the family awaiting the coming of the unearthly sounds with agonizing suspense. He took his seat in the parlor, waiting for some evidence from the nocturnal and ghostly visitors. He only had a short time to wait. About eleven o'clock there was a gentle rapping on the wall, which increased as the hour hand of the clock moved around to 12, and with the first stroke on the hour of twelve the same mysterious hand appeared on the wall, dimly at first, but gradually getting plainer, until it stood out perfect in every particular. It was undoubtedly the hand of a female, and the mystery connected with its appearance in the house remains to be cleared up. We withhold the name of the family until the mystery shall be more thoroughly revealed.

Our reporter left the scene in something of a hurry, but still declares his intention of, again visiting the house, and sifting these mysterious signs and noises to the bottom. Should anything more transpire we will try and keep the public posted.

Select Poetry.

"I AM WAITING FOR THEE."

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

Beloved, dost thou know that though Heaven is far,
Heart throbs unto heart as star answers to star?
That the dear ones below, and the dear ones above
Receive and return mystic tokens of love?
That the mourner, though lonely, is never alone,
For a form keeps its shadow in one with his own?
Has a whisper entranced thee—a tone glad and free?
"Joy! darling! O, joy! I am waiting for thee!"

Beloved, thou art weary; as age stealth on
Thou longest, thou yearnest, at times, to be gone.
I read all thy thought, and the bright dreams I bring,
The answers to prayers 'neath my sheltering wing,
I pour on thy heart in the hush of the night,
And, hovering o'er thee, catch words of delight.
O! wait and be patient till death sets thee free,
For, darling, be sure I am waiting for thee.

Yes, waiting for thee, and while thou must remain
The summit of Glory I may not attain;
The love is the magnet that holdeth me near
When my spirit would soar to a loftier sphere.
O! not 'e'en for Heaven would I widen the space
That holds me, at times, from the light of thy face.
I will stand at the gate, and, at last, thou wilt see
When He calls thee to come, I've been waiting for thee.
Ft. Madison, Feb. 23, 1872.

Burning of "The Voices" by the
Rev. Arad Losee.

[From the Chautauqua News, (N. Y.) May 21st, 1872.]

From the correspondence published below, it will be seen that the Rev. Losee, of Sherman, has been engaged in consigning to the flames a poem, entitled "The Voices," by Warren S. Barlow. While we beg to differ with the Rev. Losee on the propriety of such a move, we shall look on it as sincerity upon his part, and earnestly hope that a reformation may come over the spirit which actuated him. The days of burning volumes for the purpose of reforming the minds of men, has past, and to return to such a practice would be but the return to heresies and the promulgation of ignorance.

We have a copy of "The Voices" on our table, and are exceedingly joyed at its perusal. It is sharp, criticizing and pleasing in its advice, and, most certainly, if a neighbor should call for the purpose of consigning this little volume to the flames, we should breathe into his face a breath of dissatisfaction more vivid than a nightmare dream. While, perhaps, we cannot endorse fully its sentiment, we appreciate its worth and fail to discover the first reason why it should not occupy the place of one book in the library of any Reverend who can read and comprehend what he reads. Let "The Voices" answer.

SHERMAN, N. Y. April 19, 1872.

WARREN SUMNER BARLOW, Esq.,
Author of "The Voices."

MY DEAR SIR:—A short time ago I purchased a copy of "The Voices," and from its pages derived much satisfaction and instruction. One of my neighbors wished to borrow the book, and in a few days after got a little the worse off from the effects of poor liquor, as he had often done before for the last thirty years.

Word was sent to the Rev. Arad Losee, Pastor of the First Free Will Baptist Church of this place, that your book had caused my friend to partake of vile whiskey. The Rev. A. L. immediately called to see about it. The book was produced—after reading a page or two he opened the stove and placed the book upon the living coals and exhibited great glee as its contents roared up the chimney.

Now, Mr. Barlow, I reside in a temperance community, and the report has gone out that your book upholds intemperance and all kinds of devilry—is a dangerous book for any person to read, or to be in a neighborhood. I am out \$1.25 the price of the book, but if I could buy a copy with cast iron leaves and bound with boiler iron, I would risk another copy; but it would be useless as long as the Rev. Arad runs at large. Under these circumstances what am I to do? Can you suggest any way?

Hope you will give this would-be "Witch-burning" Rev. some good advice. I remain Truly yours, G. C. RIPLEY.

P. S. Please inform us whether we live in the last half of the nineteenth century? We are in doubt about it.

No. 26, WEST BROADWAY, N. Y., April 25. MR. G. C. RIPLEY, SHERMAN, N. Y.—DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 19th is received, informing me of the burning of my little work entitled "The Voices," by the Rev. Arad Losee.

Though the spirit of persecution is yet rife, I had supposed that the days of burning were past. The man who would burn a book would fain consign its author to the flames, as was Servetus by John Calvin. But why "The Voices" should be accused, even by a bigoted clergyman, of promulgating intemperance, or of inculcating any sentiments incompatible with the highest moral and physical obligations, I cannot conceive, when it urges strict and constant obedience to God's divine unchanging and eternal laws. In proof of this position I will let the book speak for itself from the 23d and 24th pages.

The pains of sin are friends in timely need,
To teach mankind their evil ways to heed;
While pain that flows from actions well defined,
Will guide our footsteps and direct the mind;
And as we each obey or violate,
We learn to love the right, the wrong to hate:
Thus are we taught by every word and deed,
To shun the paths of sin, God's laws to heed.

Why not to rocky height and brink repair,
And make a fatal leap, devoid of care?
Why not descend Niagara's awful roar,
Or in a frail balloon the stars explore?
Why not plunge headlong into raging fire?
Or when you thirst, a boiling fount desire?
Why not on thorny pillows rest your head?
And with hot embers make your nightly bed?
Because unchanging law, without delay,
In love chastise, when we disobey,
To teach us all the true and better way.

Why not, when howling storms their fury pour,
Expel the freezing traveler from your door?
Why happy when he eats his cheerful meal,
And blesses God you have a heart to feel?
Because the law of love is ever sure,
To bless each soul who kindly feeds the poor
How wise this law, how powerful for good,
When once obeyed, and fully understood.
How true that pain, with all its varied ills,
And every pleasure that our being thrills,
Are each effects of their producing cause,
Sustained by God's divine unchanging laws.
False steps rev- al the alphabet of truth;
If age or youth from Nature's laws depart,
Like children burned, they learn to dread the smart;
Eternal justice poises every deed.

With joy, or sorrow, as we sow the seed,
Thus retribution comes with kindly pain,
To teach transgressors not to stray again.
And holy joys will never be delayed,
When laws are known, and rigidly obeyed.
Thus all by mingled pleasures, pains, and fears,
Will learn the way as they advance in years.

If on the other hand the book has proved to be an enemy to bigotry and superstition so long promulgated, and still enforced as far as possible by the clergy, I feel that my earnest prayer has been answered, and if I have been, or can be instrumental in hastening the dawn of a more rational religion, or a truer concep-

tion of God as our Father and man as our brother, I shall ever rejoice that my feeble voice has been heard in the defense of truth.

When I recall the religious instruction that was urged upon me in my youth, which assured me that God sent his only son to suffer and die not only for all the sins I ever did or ever could commit, but also for all the iniquities and transgressions that the entire human family had committed since the fall of man; and also for all they ever can commit before the day of judgment, I must confess that I failed to see the mercy, much less the justice of this plan of salvation.

Well do I remember the struggle of my soul while yet a boy, as I began to doubt the religion of my fond parents; but my honest convictions of truth and duty triumphed, and I have ever since rejoiced in the light of that freedom which makes a man love to do right for the fruits of the right, but fear to do wrong because of its penalties.

I beg to refer you to my "Voice of Prayer," p. 9-10.

How vain are the prayers that the starving be fed,
Compared to bestowing a morsel of bread.

To pray that kind showers may in bounty descend,
That earthquakes and hurricanes ne'er may offend—

That fire may not burn you, and water not drown—
To jump from a steeple and gently come down—
Is asking Jehovah to alter His law,
As much as to say you've detected a flaw!

To pray that the innocent suffer for crime,
That we in our folly committed through time,
Is to ensure the passage that all should reverse,
Which saith, that "the guilty can never go clear."
No repentance, no faith can e'er banish a woe.
For the truth is revealed, "all must reap what they sow."

No forgiveness can ever change tares into wheat,
He who sows, must uproot them, and learn by defeat;
Then blend all your prayers with this true revelation,
That "each for himself must work out his salvation!"

The system of vicarious atonement has ever been, and still is, the most detrimental to the virtue and well-being of society that can possibly be promulgated. It is no less than a wholesale license to sin, with the assurance that Christ will pay the tax that Nature has made obligatory upon every human soul. Hence virtue, in itself, is not essential to salvation, and cannot save a soul from eternal misery; neither does vice debar a soul from eternal happiness. Therefore no man can sink so low in crime as to lose sight of the door, whose pliant hinges are forged from the belief in the atonement, (a stupendous forgery indeed!) at whose portals the most debased expect to enter, and "preferring the (so-called) pleasures of sin for a season," thus having Bible authority that sin brings pleasure, they very naturally conclude in their delusion, that if little sins bring little happiness, greater sins will bring proportionate pleasure,—they resolve through life to look for their highest enjoyment in the commission of the greatest crimes, then finally, at the eleventh hour, to avail themselves of the generous terms of salvation, remembering that he who entered the vineyard of the Lord at the eleventh hour received the same as did those "that bore the burden and heat of the day;" they also remember the consoling words to the thief on the cross: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

Therefore men indulge in crime without the fear of God or the Devil. No wonder that crimes of the worst magnitude abound, and that intemperance, with all its concomitant evils pervades the land. Yet the pulpits throughout the country are generally silent on the evil of intemperance. Too many of the fat sheep of their flock have distilleries or grog shops; hence no sermons on the subject of intemperance are heard; no lectures are allowed in the pulpits, unless an overpowering public sentiment compels them to yield. I am sorry to add that the Bible, their rule of action, is far from being "an eye single" to the cause of temperance. It clearly recommends the use of wine as a beverage, which is the most subtle tempter from total abstinence, and often proves to be the alluring cup to stronger drink, which leads the unfortunate victim step by step into the dark path that ends at the drunkard's grave.

I here append a few of the passages of "holy writ" on the use of wine, which are like so many gilded guide boards that have doubtless directed their thousands to a drunkard's grave.

Let us begin with Solomon, who is considered one of the Church's wisest counselors. Prov. 31, 6, 7:

"Give wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more."

That is, if you feel poor and low-spirited, (and pray who does not at times?) resort to the wine cup and make yourself jolly. This is not only an invitation for all to drink, but it also recommends drinking to excess, that even the senses may be drowned in the wine cup, that misery and poverty may be entirely obliterated.

Sol. Songs, 3d and 1st: "I have drunk my wine with my milk; eat O friends, drink abundantly, O beloved!"

It seems that Solomon recommended wine and milk, while some of the modern theological divines have modified it to gin and milk!

John 2 3 11, gives an account of Jesus turning water into wine. Even Jesus not being satisfied with water—that pure and most healthful of all liquids—subverts the eternal laws of God (it is claimed) so that a little wedding party may have from twelve to eighteen firkins of wine! If this is not a rebuke on the use of water, the following passage surely is:

First Tim. 5, 23. "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

Thus water is forbidden and wine is recommended as a substitute. Christ also drank wine and gave it to his disciples when they ate bread, and commanded them all to drink it. While I have a devotional love for Christ, I cannot be denied that great evil may have resulted from this example which has ever been imitated since the advent of Christianity. Mr. John B. Gough declared in my hearing several years since that he could not partake of the Lord's supper without danger of being overborne, and carried down by intoxication! In view of these facts I leave it for you to decide which is the most detrimental to the cause of temperance, the Church and its doctrines or my little volume, "The Voices," and though a misguided preacher may have consigned its pages to the flames, if the volume contained one truth it still lives, in spite of fire and flame. You say you would procure another copy if you could get it bound in boiler iron and cast-iron leaves; but dear brother, I hope there were many truths on those pages that are bound in the imperishable volume of Nature, and are far from the reach of the destroying hands of bigotry.

Though Priests' wrath, with tongue of flame,
Licked up his shining leaves,
Yet all its truths still live the same,
Re-bound in fire-proof sheaves.

Therefore do not feel disturbed; neither blame the Rev. who burned the volume. We know not the motive that impelled the deed; he may have thought that the book endangered

his bread and butter, and as he must live, self-preservation being the first law of nature, he doubtless burned the book in self-defense, and as long as the clergy prefer bread and butter to the truth, so long must we expect their opposition to all essential reforms. It ever has been so in the past, and will continue to be so till all religion is in harmony with Nature and Nature's God.

Then let us deal with charity,
Be hopeful, not bewail,
Each glimpse of truth, a rarity,
Will finally prevail.

For those who dare to walk by reason's light,
Prefer the day to superstition's night,
And thus obey the laws of God within,
All doing less, must live in conscious sin.
None can do more, for God in his behest,
But governs all, as seemeth wise and best,
Thus should all souls their highest thoughts obey,
Be finite gods in all they do and say.

From "The Voices," page 52 and 180.

That all mankind may ever seek to develop
The Divinity that God has planted in our soul,
Let us ever pray.

Yours very sincerely,
WARREN S. BARLOW.

Letter from Judge E. S. Holbrook.

S. S. JONES, Esq. :—The first number of *The Western Star*, a monthly in the cause of Spiritualism, has been laid before me. My anticipations were high, and I can say, after a brief perusal, that I am well satisfied. I hail it with joy, and I pray for it a career of usefulness. Mrs. Harding is the publisher, and will give to the work the vast influence of her personality. Her assistants are first class writers, but their names will not appear. Whatever they shall give us, will, therefore, be impersonal, and stand or fall upon its inherent merits. It is proposed that this work be confined to Spiritualism proper, with a brief notice of passing events,—and therefore it will form no alliances with side-issues, either for any aid it may be supposed to derive from them, or from any benevolent desire of bearing other's burdens. In this regard it will differ greatly from many other Spiritual periodicals, and in this respect, I believe it will gain the higher regards of the more considerate. I shall be proud if our cause shall sustain so dignified a periodical.

I propose now, Mr. Editor, for whatever of value or interest it may be,—if any to any body,—to make public, by your leave, through your catholic and impartial paper, the history of that article of mine, on "True Issues and their Methods," published in your JOURNAL of the 18th of May, which was intended, mainly, to show the falsity of the assumptions and arguments of Mrs. Woodhull, in her Music Hall address on Social Freedom.

Immediately on its appearance, deeming that in all that there was in it of the new and the extraordinary, it was spurious,—transparently so,—and unsound; I prepared an article on it and sent it to an Eastern Spiritual paper, for publication, where it should be to meet the eyes of those who read the address. Perhaps I did this more for fun than for any serious thought of doing service in the cause of truth and virtue, for I had not yet learned that any good thinker, or any considerable number of truth seekers, were seriously inclined to give ear to such mere rhapsodies, so barren of logic and good, so full of mere unwarranted assumptions and evil, and supposed that the publication of it was permitted only to allow every cause to have an airing; and my fun was none the less, that there was so much of pretense that all came down from Heaven through divine inspiration of some of the ancient, the wise and the good, for the advancement of humanity; for I believe in the good and the true wherever it is found, and hear not the tones of authority; and if any thing purports to come from Heaven, or some heavenly messenger not seeming good nor true, then I say, so much the worse for Heaven and the heavenly messenger, and none the better for the message.

I expected to see it about the time that Mr. Newton's lengthy reply appeared. As it did not appear for several weeks, and as I began to see from the tone of this Eastern Spiritual paper, generally, toward this new hobby, that I was probably mistaken in my judgment concerning it, I wrote to the editor, sending stamps, and requesting a return of the manuscript. I heard nothing for several weeks, and so I penned a copy of it as best I could, and sent it to you for publication, if you thought best.

I found a place in your columns, you having no knowledge of this history; for as one's own judgment is so poor concerning his own productions, I desired to have the unbiased judgment of yourself, and the readers of the article, not only for or against myself, but also to probe this, to me, mysterious action of the Spiritual paper to which I sent it, whether it rises on account of the demerits of the article, or from the fact that it had entered upon the support of the new doctrine, giving it aid and comfort, and working it into the body of Spiritualism, and by this time I desired to take another chance for its publication for the good it might do, as an antidote to the poisonous fallacy that seemed, to my great surprise, to be creeping into the minds of a great many, and, particularly overshadowing all, or nearly all, the Spiritual papers except your own, so that they were either openly advocating this new faith and practice, or turning such winsome, kind regards towards it, as would seem quite significant of finally a full embrace.

Now, as to the action of this Eastern paper referred to herein, it is not becoming in me to say but little; but to leave all for the judgment of others, who know the facts. Practically, we have come to expect that a paper established for the cause of truth, its discovery and advancement, that professes to be the mouth-piece of the people, or a certain cause of the people, will give fair and impartial opportunities for discussion,—but yet, no doubt, it is true that it has a perfect lawful right to do precisely as it pleases; but as the community may do precisely as it pleases also, I leave the questions, if this paper referred to was justified in its action by the demerits of the article; or whether its action is fair evidence that it has fully surrendered to the triumphant Victoria, and so rises in the attitude to exhibit fear, favor and affection; and whether your judgment and action herein are the more to be commended than otherwise; and, also, all questions pertaining to myself therein,—to those who know the facts and care to form an opinion.

And now that it is published,—what of it? does any body care? I have received many letters of commendation from the East and from the West, from persons,—some quite eminent in the cause,—some less so, but equally as worthy, and some by word of mouth at home. The chief burden of all is, "Your argument is invincible." But still it is proper to admit that some have most undignifiedly affected to treat the whole matter with contempt, thus: "Why notice the matter of free love at all,—it is but an excrescence and will soon die, and the more severely it is left alone the sooner it will die. Woodhull is nothing, and can't be. She only seeks notoriety, and her best friends are sick of her." But it is due to all, to add that this is said mostly by Chicagoans, who from their locality and their

knowledge of the past, have concluded that Theodore Tilton, in his life of Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, sought, for some sportive reason, to compete for honors in the line of the marvelous, with Bible makers, the Arabian Nights and Baron Munchausen, and that he was eminently successful; and from their own standpoint, knowing what should be, they don't realize the difference between prophets home and the same abroad.

"The argument is invincible." An epitome of that argument it may be well to repeat. The Woodhull free-lover says that Government has no place in the matter of love, marriage and divorce, that one's rights in these matters are natural and inalienable, even to Government, and therefore Government cannot compel, restrain, or in any manner interfere, only to restrain from interference, and hence marriage may commence at the will of parties, and continue and be ended at the will of either of the parties; that these are self-evident truths; and they are put on a par with other natural rights, self-evident truths, the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which are inalienable. The reply is, that in Government, where men are correlated to each other, in a compact for mutual support and mutual defense, these rights become correlated rights, and suffer more restriction, and to this extent are alienable, and are alienated to the public, for the highest good of the greatest number; for instance, the right of eminent domain, the right of the state to take the property of the individual against his will must exist, or Government fall, for the right of taxation is such a right, and the power could not be raised to prevent crime, without taxing property to pay expenses, and taking the property by force (if the individual was unwilling, and he might not be willing if he could not be compelled), and it is as much a self-evident truth, as any other, that the matters of love and marriage and divorce stand on no other ground than these other self-evident truths; hence the whole theory is based upon a fallacy, and it must fall, or Government itself must fall.

But this argument is treated with silence, and not brought to the eyes of those who may have been misled by the fallacy. We are not even informed for which one of the two reasons applicable,—the one that is not worthy of notice, the other that it is not answerable. The true seeker after truth should not so treat the latter. So far as I know, none of the Spiritual papers that have spread the fallacy, have become the vehicle of this reply to the public, after a fair opportunity to do so,—for what reason let others conjecture. If for no good reason, and they can make good reply, they are invited still to do so, and thereby all of us may get the truth at last.

If any of them should say that its columns had been open and used extensively in reply to that address, then one is reminded how an extreme partialist could secretly affect a free fight and an open field, and yet championize the side of his choice, by giving conditions to the antagonist that would produce as little harm as possible; that whatever of weight there should be in his blows, should be spread over as much space as possible, so that the effect should be almost impalpable, and that if he would play the lion, and roar, that he should "roar as gently as a sucking dove" and "not frighten the ladies."

I take it not greatly to heart that this article of mine should have no immediate prominence,—not even a place in the minds of some of the mighty of the present hour, for I claim for it no more than a "still small voice," that shall come after the earthquake, the storm and the whirlwind (the voice of quiet reason restored, after the storm of wonder at the strange propositions and new methods,—perhaps bold absurdities, the whirlwind of excitement, with effervescing minds, more allured by extravagancies than by solid facts), had passed by. The comet that glares in the heavens at night, and rapidly plunges here and there, very little, if any, according to any known laws of order, attracts far greater attention than the fixed stars, but the mariner that should neglect the fixed stars, and effect to guide his ship by the new light of the great comet, would do but a sorry business, and might soon come upon shoals and rocks.

In the spiritual, the religious department of our being, there seems, more than in any other, to be a great proclivity to indulge in the wonderful. Marvels, marvels, marvels, have been the starting points, and the foundation of new religions. How little that was valuable, and that was peculiar to it, was found in the Christian religion, and that, as such, was served out of it, as compared with the vast rubbish that was incident to its birth and growth, let the histories of it, both authentic and unauthentic (so called), attest. We are entering upon a new era,—at least we propose new methods, proofs and logical reasons, in spiritual as in other matters, and while we have many wonderful things that are true,—many more than all the ancients, there is a great propensity to run wild, and unreasonably, or without reason, adopt the wonderful merely as the true. Those who do so would saucily, jauntily, ride the billows of the ocean of life, with all sails set, and neglect the rudder, the ballast and the compass. It is to check this propensity, and to provide against such errors, that I have written, and sometime, I do not doubt, there will come sufficient reward (and it need be very little), to repay the few hours I first spent in fun, and afterwards in sober earnest,—when I unexpectedly found work to do, in pruning away the excrescences that are wont to grow upon the fair body of Spiritualism.

While upon this subject, it may be well to state what I think there is in this so-called free love discussion; for as we often say, if not always, there is something of a truth underlying all seeming error. I think there is something, and it is this: there is a demand for a more liberal public sentiment as to the dissolution of the marriage contract, and laws accordingly modified, no doubt extending to cases of fixed and unavoidable incompatibility, and perhaps to cases of mutual consent with proper rules of evidence and proper proof,—provided a greater good to the greater number can be so brought out; but not otherwise. But that any should here so infer that because the present laws are not quite right, and might be improved, we had better have no law at all, shocks all common sense. As well might the machinist abandon his regulator because it did not operate perfectly, and thus permit the whole to go to ruin.

Amid the wonderful manifestations of the present hour, I would be far from having much confidence in my own opinions. As compared with others I work at great disadvantage, for I have no place upon the house-top to go at midnight hour, and receive instructions from a heavenly band, divinely commissioned for such purpose; nor is there any Congress of the wise and good of all the lands and all ages in spirit life, to whom I can submit my humble scroll for approval, and emendation, and therefore it is but myself that humbly speaks. A short-sightedness, therefore, can but be expected, and I hope it will be easily pardoned. I am now quite well satisfied that I have committed an error, and that the Spiritual paper referred to was far more right than I or any of the people here; more right than the *Present Age*, of this city, that became disgusted at the late "fiasco" in New York, and threw down the weapons of war it had taken up in behalf of Victoria, in its estimate of the

ultimate of the novel and bold propositions she puts forth, both upon the spiritual and the political plan. I see, now, that this Spiritual paper referred to, was right from the start, for with "Vicky" as President of the United States, either by the free-will offering of the present American votes, or by force of the woman's revolution and the new government "founded in righteousness" upon the "ruins of this bogus republic" (which she and her spirits say will surely come to pass, and they cannot fail), and with "Tennie" as Lieutenant-General of the army, which she is coming right along to be (for "the colored troops fought nobly," and "she will bring them to the front," with their shining uniforms), who shall say but all opposition shall be crushed out? It will be well for this Eastern Spiritual paper to follow the famous example of the Christian Steward, and make friends with this mammon of unrighteousness, so that when other sources of revenue fail, it "may be received into everlasting habitation." This Eastern Co. being an undying corporation, though without soul, may live to see that judgment day. For myself, being merely mortal, I expect long before that time, to be translated safe above such a "wreck of matter, and such a crash of worlds."

Coming back now to my starting point, which was "The Western Star," I am reminded to say, that although newspapers and periodicals have a right to do as they like, I hope (and we have the promise here and I do not doubt its fulfillment, that it will not, by expressed personal preferences, or indirectly by correspondents, manage to adopt a purely foreign element, and so far engraft it upon Spiritualism that it can be scarcely distinguished from it, and so by the world will be termed a part of it.

Chicago, May 19th, 1872.

Look to your Accounts Carefully.

Our mail list is now in type, correctly as we suppose, with exception of new subscriptions or renewals that have come to hand within the last two weeks.

It is our design that every subscriber look carefully to his or her account as found printed upon the yellow slip attached to the margin of the paper, or upon the wrapper. If any one does not understand the manner in which their account is kept, turn to the head of the first column of the fourth page, and study it well so as to fully understand it, and then if our account with you is not correct, write and tell us explicitly wherein there is a mistake, and it shall be corrected.

It is probable some subscribers may not have been properly credited since the fire, but we have every letter that has been received, and can easily correct any mistake on having our attention definitely called to it.

We desire to correct all mistakes immediately and have every persons account appear as it truly should—hence we say report definitely any mistake that may be observed, immediately on reading this notice, and oblige yourself as well as the publisher.

Again we say if anyone has subscribed for the paper and fails to get it, advise us of the particulars without delay and the paper shall be sent immediately for the full length of time subscribed for.

If anyone gets two copies where one is ordered, inform us of that fact and oblige.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years.

LORENZO MEEKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARRA.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1871.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPARKS.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 25th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BARKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukau, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box.

D. H. FORBES.

Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 19, 1871.
For sale at this office. \$2.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

Agents wanted.

The Pernicious Weed.

For the benefit of those who have good sense enough to wish to rid themselves of the filthy and pernicious habit of using tobacco, we publish the following letter:

Mrs. A. H. Robinson—Dear Sister:—I sit down to write my testimony with the rest. I have used tobacco twenty-five years. The appetite for it was hereditary, and I felt lost without it. I found that it was destroying my health, and driving me blind, and as heretofore I could not stop its use without longing for it, especially when I saw any body using it, I sent you two dollars, procured a box of your Tobacco Antidote, and in a day after using one box, entirely free from its use. I can sit down in a room where the pipe and tobacco-box are passed around, and all partaking of it, and I do not feel moved to want a chew, or to smoke a pipe. I am thankful I have got rid of the abominable weed, for my health is better, my eyes are now well, and I begin to feel like a new man. I shall try to persuade others to do as I have done, and thus I may act as an agent in the case.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

W. W. PORTER.

Sullivan Center, Ill., June 17, 1872.

UNDERSTAND DISTINCTLY that we do not discontinue sending this paper to subscribers when the time is up for which payment has been made. If any one wants to have it discontinued, let him or her give distinct notice to that effect, and if any thing is due remit the same along with the notice. These are the terms on which subscriptions are taken, and we are thus emphatic that there be no misunderstanding upon the subject. Justice demands that renewals should be made without great inconvenience to us. Three months' trial subscribers are not entitled to come in for a renewal under the \$1.50 price. It would be an injustice to our friends, who would ever hear in mind that we are daily painting a life picture. If we are so selfish as to do another injustice, it will forever stand as a blot on our life's record.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 390, Mobile, Alabama.

Mysticism.

SCIENTIFIC—SERIAL NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.

Mystical Cabalism is claimed by the Jews as a revealed interpreter of both nature and scripture, which, however, no doubt, reached them through the essential mediumship of their day and generation, as ours reaches us.

They claim the Cabala was given to Adam in Paradise, but being lost in his fall, was finally restored again, as the reward of long affliction, prayer, and penitence.

Adam gave it to Seth, who lost it; still it was again furnished to Moses on Mount Sinai, where it was read to Aaron four times, Aaron's two sons three times, the Elders of the Sanhedrim twice, and the people once. The oral portion, however, it is said, was lost during the Babylonish Captivity, while the written portion was saved in the books of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers. Yet, it is claimed by the Jews that lost portions were finally revealed again to Esdras, Sepher Heppelah (Book of Wonders), Sepher Hekkana (Book of the Pen), and the Sepher Habbahir (Book of Light).

Such is the condensed account of the vicissitudes through which the Cabala passed, and such the source, nature, and character of the more mystical formlets of oratorical inspiration that manifested themselves, before and since the advent of the mediumistic Nazarene, that has seemingly put forth anew during the last twenty four years.

To study the Cabala in all its more eventful phases and forms, is to approach more in rapport with the inherent spirit-communion of the past. Indeed, the true breathing sense and spirit pulse of sphere commune, has ever underlain the onward ebb and flow of things, from whence, the more wondrous elixir of inherent inspiration has come.

The orient and occident of all ages, nations, and generations of men, have had access to an inspirational system of commune apportioned to the transitive mind—seasons through which they had to pass.

The remotest records of antiquity teach that "All things are derived by elimination, from one principle of causation," called God, which secondarily sent off typical measures of self-ruling purpose, ever graded by counterbalancing impress, of its own interior, central, as well as exterior surroundings,—more or less perfect, according to its nearness or remoteness from its eliminative center, and proving that matter in its diversified forms is but the finer or coarser grades, depending on the relative conditions and relations of centralized causation.

All Cabalistic inspiration has taught that each human soul is a distinct emanation from Deity, or centralized causation, which being released from grosser earth forms, passes through a self purifying process back to the fountain source from which it emanated.

Though it is generally claimed that the Cabala is derived from all the various systems of practical piety, it is more reasonable to suppose that all systems of practical piety are derived from the so-called Cabala.

The purpose of this article, however, is to refer the spring mind of modern reform to a fresh formula gleaned from the spiritual sunshine of modern times, than the now seemingly obscured Cabalisms of the past. Hence, we submit the following, as coming under the second order of the fourth signification of the five grades of Cabalism, generally treated of as the "Notarikon," in which, each letter of the alphabet represents a key-word, as an element in the selected word to be translated by these elementary keys, or thought measures of all diversified forms of thought:

NOTARICON CABALA.

Positive, Passive, and Negative of the Inanimate Plane.

Generative, Germinative, and Transmutative of the Animate Plane.

Aspirative, Emulative, and Pervasive of the Mental Plane.

A—Action.
B—Brotherhood.
C—Causation.
D—Dual—Diverse Plurality.
E—Equal—Equality.
F—Fidelity.
G—Goodness—God-force.
H—Hope—Harmony.
I—Individuality.
J—Justice.
K—Knowledge.
L—Love.
M—Motion—Mediumism.
N—Nature.
O—Omniscience.
P—Progress.
Q—Question.
R—Reason—Rationality.
S—Sense—Sensibility.
T—Truth—True.
U—Union.
V—Virtue.
W—Will—Wisdom.
X—Xyst—Basis.
Y—Youthhood.
Z—Zeal.

The aptitude and force of the Cabalistic rendering of given words, depend upon the judicious blending of their inner measures of thought-power with their outer signification.

The word positive being selected for translation, may be rendered thus: P-O-S-I-T-I-V-E—Progressive Omniscience Sensitized by Individual Truth, gives an Individual Virtue and Equanimity, "Positive" to all other conditions.

Again: The word Passive being selected, may be rendered thus: Progressive Action Sensitized, Sensitizes Individual Virtue with an Equanimity ever subject to be acted on by all positive centers and surroundings.

The word "Negative" being also selected for the same purpose, may be rendered in accordance with its signification thus: Nature Equalized by God-force, truly Individualizes Virtue and Equality on a negative plane, ever subject to the positive influences of all impressing conditions and relations around them.

Ascending from the Positive, Passive, and Negative gradations of the Inanimate Plane, we next advance to the Generative, Germinative, and Transmutative of the Animate Plane, and render the words Generative, Germinative, and Transmutative as follows:

"Generative"—The God-force Equalized in Nature, Equalizes the Rational Action of Truthful Individuality, Virtue, and Equality into procreating life.

"Germinative"—A God-force Ruling the Mediumism of Individualized Nature, Acting on Truth, Individualizes Virtue and Equality into a germinal state of accumulative elaboration.

"Transmutative"—True Rational Action Naturalizes the Sense of Mediumistic Union, Truly Acting and Truly Individualizing Virtue and Equality into their respective transmutative states.

Ascending on thus from the Animate to the Aspirative, Emulative, and Pervasive of the Mental Plane, we may in keeping with their respective meanings, render the words Aspirative, Emulative, and Pervasive thus:

"Aspirative"—Action Sensitizes Progress,

and thus Individualizes all Rational Action, Truth, Individuality, Virtue, and Equality into Aspiration.

"Emulative"—That Equal Mediumism United with Love, Acting on the Truth, Individuality, Virtue, and Equality underlying Emulation.

"Pervasive"—Progress of Equality, Reason, and Virtue, Equalizing Sensation, Individuality, Virtue, and Equality, down to lower grades of Perversion, whence all may rise through the Pervasive, through the Emulative to the Aspirative.

We have presented this Cabala and these examples, by way of offering suggestive aid to those who may seek to amuse themselves with this singular, suggestive, and entertaining character of mental exercise. We in our more thoughtful moods, have found this sort of pastime one well calculated in its nature to open up the passive mind to the thousands of hidden sources through which in passive moods, our most wonderful, and yet self-enobling impresses come.

In these curious flashings of thought-measure, that play as the sunset lightning flashes in a humid sky, there seems at times to be hidden a germinal seed of the fabled Sibyls of yore.

THE FUTURE LIFE: As Described and Portrayed by Spirits.

Through Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS.

—O—

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

The First in the Order of Species—A Humorous View.

(NUMBER XCIV.)

A little three year old was considerably excited the other day, by seeing the cat kill a mouse. The next day she asked her mother suddenly:

"Who made the birdies?"
"God made them, my child."
"Who feeds the birdies, mama?"
"God feeds them."

The little one was thoughtful a moment, and then asked energetically:

"Does God keep a cat?"
The mother told her she would tell her about it when she got older, but for the present she had better go and play with her india-rubber doll.—*Exchange.*

Perhaps he does—why not? If a first man, earth, sun, etc., were created, there must necessarily have been a first cat! But would not a cat have been as useless as the fifth leg to a calf, if no first rat—hideous, disgusting, rapacious, bothersome, and destructive—had been created?

We have sometimes thought that there must have been inferior Gods, that were allowed to manifest their peculiar skill and ingenuity in the fabrication of certain animals! It would not require, seemingly, an omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient God to bring forth a mosquito to disturb your sleep, or a house fly to tickle the milk-maid's nose, or a flea to disturb your quietude by attacking some tender part of your body. Yet, the mosquito is the embodiment of strength, sagacity, bodily vigor, and musical skill. A fully developed one can execute certain musical feats that it would be utterly impossible for a Parepa Rosa, Blind Tom, Jenny Lind, or any of the great masters to imitate! But in view of the fact that this destructive animal has no respect for the rights of others, will buzz around your ears when you are vainly seeking the arms of Morpheus, or probe your nose for a drink of blood, we are inclined to believe it possible—though not probable—that some inferior Deity must have been allowed to exhibit his skill in bringing the first one forth. We are co-niz-art of the opinion that the great Imperial Ruler of the Universe respects the rights of others, and if he, after calm deliberation, made, constructed, generated, or by any process whatsoever, brought the first mosquito into existence, and after careful study and forethought gave it a malicious, hideous, venomous, dare-devil will, and a bill to pierce us, legs to tickle our nose, unearthly music to disturb our sleep and induce ugly dreams, we are inclined to the belief that he perpetrated a great wrong against those who live near marshes, swamps, and in newly settled countries.

Ah! the first mosquito—there must have been one! It is utterly impossible for it to have been otherwise! This first mosquito was undoubtedly lonely! If he was brought forth at the time that the first man was, he had only one nose to tickle, only one countenance to disfigure, only two ears into which he could send forth his unearthly, demoniac yells!

Supposing that this first man when he retired to his downy couch the first night after he was brought forth, had heard this mosquito; supposing the animal fresh from the hands of the Imperial Ruler, had lighted on the nose of this first man, and while it was quietly boring for blood, would he not have been likely to have brought down his brawny hand, and smashed His Satanic Majesty? Such must have been the case. We think the first mosquito was in a dangerous position in company with this first man, and we are inclined to the opinion that in order to insure the life of this favorite musician, God made several at the same time!

Really, if the mosquito, the dare-devil little brute and consequential plague, was created by a direct act of your God, why did he give it such a preference for the cheek or the end of one's nose? Why did he make him so rapacious, deceitful, and intensely malicious? He certainly must have had like qualities in his nature! His loving kindness and exceeding charity had just vanished, or he never could have succeeded so well.

But did God make the cat? Certainly! If he made the first earth, the first sun, and the

first moon, we are inclined to the opinion that he did not leave to any subordinate the task of making the first cat. How many a milk-maid has went into her cellar and seen the descendants of this first cat engaged in satiating her or his exquisitely fine taste by lapping off the sweet cream,—and then what a fury! 'Scat! 'scat!! 'scat!!! she would utter at this lineal descendant of the first cat that was created! Why, just consider the origin of your pussy. Remember that the first of every species was created by your Imperial Ruler of the Universe. When, then, my dear friend, you say 'scat! do so in the spirit of "brotherly love," remembering that the same high hand which made you, made the cat also, and when you are inclined to turn pussy out of doors some stormy night, or to say fierce things against the animal, remember that it is a lineal descendant of the first cat that was created, through the instrumentality of your God!

After the first cat was created, constructed, generated, fabricated, formed, moulded, or aggregated—use any word you desire—it was, no doubt, found that the animal would be entirely useless,—a pest to the milk-maid, a sort of excrement that the first man would annihilate,—therefore, in order to give to that first cat an evidence of his sagacity and wisdom, he straightway went to work, and made the first rat and the first mouse, and implanted in the instinct of the cat hostility and hatred toward them. Bully! when the first rat and first mouse were created by His Royal Highness, the wisdom of creating pussy was self-evident! Now, cats are respected! The presence of rats and mice imparts to them a sort of dignity that makes them beloved.

But does God keep a cat? Sacrilegious question! What motive could induce any one to make such an inquiry? This world is going to rack and ruin, people are beginning to ask such strange questions. Little children become cat-chists, and desire to learn all about the family of God. They, in their childish simplicity, as they look towards the dark blue sky, and at the twinkling gems there, and with a soul radiant with innocence, desire to know whether the author thereof keeps a cat? We have written several articles on this question, as the readers of the JOURNAL well know, and as yet have been unable to answer it. Hundreds have written to us, blandly inquiring, Who made the first earth, the first man, etc.? We desire to know, too; but at present we would like to be informed who made the first cat, the first malicious mosquito, the first rapacious crocodile, the first troublesome bottle-fly, the first sharp-toothed flea, the first clawing louse! Come down friends, from the sublime to the ridiculous. No better way to examine any question than that.

Pause a moment! The world seems all astir! The question of existence comes thundering along, and as it reaches us, touches our mind, our soul goes out to examine it, and many ludicrous things come up for our consideration, and we have given expression to them in this article.

Philosophers in the past, especially those who have been tainted with religion, have referred in rhapsodical language to creation, the adaptability of one thing to another. When the first flea was made, its usefulness would not have amounted to much without a dog to bite; and the tick, how vain would have been its efforts to live, if no sheep to harass! What a useless animal the rat terrier would be without rats! We can conclude, then, that this love of the louse for the head of a school-boy, the affection of a troublesome fly for a milk-maid's nose, the attraction of a mosquito toward the cheek of the sleeper, and the determination of the tick to reside on the back of a sheep, only exhibit the evidence of divine wisdom, and show conclusively how one is adapted to live off of, and molest the other!

O Inquiring Mind, ever restless, ever seeking for new avenues, gaze at the Imperial Ruler of the Universe, he who is guided by omniscient wisdom and omnipotent power, and ask him if he considered the nature of the first louse as carefully as he did the nature of the first man? Ask him about the first cat, the first mosquito, etc., and no response will come! Silent! The whole universe exists! The planets move in their orbits, the comets go thundering along, and the stars silently shed their soft, silvery light on the mortals of earth, and no response comes as to which was made first! Gazing at this vast temple, infinite in extent, teeming with myriads of living creatures, Reason, ever inquiring, asks, "Who made the first world?" Puny Child! ask the question, and it seems to die off on the breeze, and you hear nothing but a mocking response.

In future numbers we shall still pursue this question, Who made the first of every species, and shall reveal some facts of interest to every reflective mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Modern Apostles.

A correspondent of the *Detroit Tribune* has been rusticated in New York City, and he presents to the readers of that paper a pen-picture of the religion there. We believe that the time is not far distant when a well organized, systematic effort will necessarily be made in order to reform the various churches. In his peripatetic around this modern Sodom, he was enabled to unearth many startling facts. He found out that one of the leading laymen of the city of New York, in presenting a memorial before the Committee on Boundaries, urged, as a reason for it being granted, that it was from the *heavenly city* of New York. He said that there were 600,000 people in the eastern portion of the city, and that there were but 5,000 Methodists in it, and gave the Committee to understand that other denominations were in about the same ratio; that the ratio of Christians to the population of the city is far less than it was years ago. This, indeed, is a startling fact. Barely enough

of the young, old, and superannuated Methodists to save the city from a worse fate than that of Sodom and Gomorrah! He says:

What is the matter? I suppose many answers could be given. Does it not result from the selfishness of wealth? I do not say that New York and Brooklyn are not generous, but in all the churches I have tried to visit, the pew-holders must be accommodated, whether anybody else is or not. The churches seem to be built for the accommodation of the *pew-holders*—not for the salvation of sinners. I went to hear Henry Ward Beecher—than whom as a preacher none stands higher on the American continent. That night his address was on the strike of the working men, and he approved them as a combination against capital. He spoke almost bitterly about the wickedness of capitalists, and the crimes perpetrated by holders of property, and cognate matters. But who could hear him? Persons went to his church early. Unless they had pews, they must wait in the vestibule or in the street, no matter where, but not in the church.

A non-pew holder in Plymouth Church—a professedly Christian church—seems to have no rights. He could not buy a pew nor rent a pew—what business had he then—except to wait until the rich pew-holders were seated. I visited Dr. Storrs' church—the Church of the Pilgrims—last Sunday. There I encountered the same scenes. Aged men and frail women, as well as stalwart men and strong women and strangers, who desired to hear Dr. Storrs, could not enter that church of Christ until the pew-holders had been seated. There some of us stood for more than half an hour at the door of a church of Christ and no offer of a seat.

A similar scene met us at Talmage's at night. Although the audience did not seem quite so richly dressed as at either of the other churches alluded to, we were kept waiting.

May there not be some fault here? May not these facts, if they attach to most of the churches, as I am told they do, account in part for the failure of the church of Christ in New York? I know their churches are fine ones, well carpeted, softly cushioned, their organs are large, grand-toned, well played, preludes, interludes, and voluntaries—their congregations finely dressed, intelligent, and more or less fashionable—their altars and pulpits and platforms and galleries festooned with flowers—the preachers are popular, drawing, and world-renowned; but what of these? Are they filling the mission of a Church of Christ? Have they not lost their aggressive power? The pew-holder can be accommodated; the outside sinner can wait until the pew-holder is seated, and then, and not till then, can he be even admitted to the House of God. No wonder it is a *heavenly city*. No wonder the number of professing Christians does not keep pace with the growth of the city. No wonder that the neglected and the non-pew-holders cry out, "No man careth for our souls!"

Nearly all of the wealthy churches are founded on aristocratic notions. Members must have an aristocratic minister, pay him an aristocratic salary, and they worship an aristocratic God, on soft carpets, cushioned seats, and sing his praises out of golden-bound bibles, while those in indigent circumstances are compelled to remain at home. Well, after all, the effects, no doubt, are good. Orthodoxy can not be spread unless it has minds to spread on. It can not dwarf those who do not present themselves at the altar to be sacrificed. It can not give a license to sin unless some one applies therefor. It can not disturb the equanimity of the nervous system, by psychologizing the people with the idea that they are fit candidates for Hell, unless they "seek re-ignition"—in fact, it can demoralize only those who come within the sphere of its influence.

These religionists are not a particle purer than the honest non-professor, and their sins, if known, are just as numerous. Dick skillfully concealed his "shortcomings" when during a class-meeting held several years since by the Methodist brethren of a Southern village, Brother Smith went among the Colored portion of the congregation.

"Well Brother Dick, I'm glad to see you here. Haven't stole any turkeys since I saw you last?"

"No, no, Brudder Smith, no turkeys."

"Nor any chickens, Brother Dick?"

"No, no, Brudder Smith, no chickens."

"Thank the Lord, Brother Dick! that is doing well, my brother!" said Brother Smith, leaving Brother Dick, who immediately relieved his over-burdened conscience by saying to a near neighbor, with an immense sigh of relief:

"If he'd said ducks, he'd had me!"

Dick was honest, after all, in his admission that he had taken the ducks. And now, as ministers invariably preach that "no man is without sin," all of them have got a "duck" secreted somewhere, and are equally as guilty as old Dick.

Dick, having joined the church, and being "born again," probably is not among the list of damned, and will not be compelled to suffer in the following manner, portrayed by Spurgeon:

The damned are lost forever, they can not be born again; they go on cursing, ever being cursed; ever fighting against God, and ever being trampled beneath his feet; they go on ever mocking, ever rebelling, and ever being tortured with the whips of conscience, because they are ever sinning. They can not be regenerated, because they are dead!

It certainly would be an excellent condition of society, if Spurgeon's church was so hemmed in with aristocracy that he could only have about a dozen members.

Dr. Huston Innocent!

Dr Huston, whom it is alleged seduced several Sabbath-school children in Baltimore, has been acquitted by the members of his own denomination, who convened to try him. Since then, the Grand Jury has found an indictment against him for adultery, and during his trial, we anticipate some rich developments. Let a minister sin, and all eyes are directed toward him—he is the elephant, and everybody wonders why he "fell!" Wasn't David a liar, robber, and murderer, and yet a "man after God's own heart?" Perhaps Huston is a man "after some other part" of God's organic structure—his passions. We have no doubt he is as pure as David, and as virtuous as Noah, if not more so. We are inclined to believe the reverend gentleman is innocent—of any attempt to injure himself. If guilty, he

wasn't shrewd in covering up his tracks. Had he been a trackless man, this difficulty would have been obviated. It is charged that these little girls arranged a diabolical plot to ruin the old gentleman. Having nice parents, comfortable homes, and good examples before them constantly, they had ample time to arrange a conspiracy against this distinguished divine, and let it fall upon him like a thunderbolt! Of course, they knew it would not injure them at all, to charge him with criminal intimacy with them! Acting thusly, these innocent little ones, just in their teens, after several months of wearisome study, finally completed their plans, and the conspiracy was disclosed! These little girls should have known better than to have entered into such an unwise arrangement; but who will believe they did? Not one!

Laura Ream has been looking at Huston, and speaks as follows of him in the *Missouri Democrat*:

Speaking of sinning and being sinned against, on my way home, by the Baltimore and Ohio route, I was told that Dr. Huston was on the train. Turning my head, he was pointed out to me. He was seated in the rear end of the coach, with his back to the front. By his side was seated a lady closely veiled—his wife. He was engaged in reading, and had the air of not taking in the sense of what was before his eyes. I noticed minutes passed without his turning a page. Innocent or guilty, there was everything in his appearance to indicate a miserable man. He looked neither to the right nor left, and talked to people without raising his eyes. He talked considerable to his wife, and seemed to be pointing to the scenery. But I doubt if their worst misery hereafter be not each other's society.

It is impossible to give a very correct idea of a man who does not look at one, but as far as outward seeming goes, he is a man about five feet ten inches in height, and squarely built, with an appearance of having lost flesh. His clothes hung loosely upon, or were, in the first place, an abominable fit. Apparently over fifty years of age, he has the dragging step and gait of three score and ten. His hair, which was originally brown, is pretty well mixed with gray, and his beard, which he wears long, is bordered and underlaid with gray, the surface varying from brown to fox and blasted yellow. He wore an old straw hat, which, when removed, revealed a large head and narrow forehead, the nose being on a straight line from the bridge to tip. It was the nose of a *bon vivant* without being red; and then there was no particular expression in the mustached mouth. The pale, round blue eyes were cold and dead, and then there was altogether in the face, and limp, nerveless hands, the personification of under the ban. He may rally, but there seems nothing left to him but to die.

He was accompanied by a sleek brother in the Lord, who was painfully watchful of his comfort, and guarded him strictly from intrusion. The curiosity of the fellow passengers was manifested by each walking back to look at him, which was enough of itself to have embarrassed an innocent man.

A New Advertising Agent.

The Rev. Arad Losee, of New York, has descended from the dignity of a Christian (the distance very short) to that of a miserable poltroon, and in order to satiate his hate against liberal teachings, consigned to the fire one number of that remarkable book, "THE VOICES," by Warren Sumner Barlow. No doubt the venerable destroyer is a lineal descendant of those who in ancient times used the rack, gibbet, thumb-screws, etc.—cruel instruments of torture,—to accomplish what he proposed to, by burning this sprightly volume.

Little did the demented old fellow think, that the light he made, would be instrumental in promoting the sale of "THE VOICES," while the flames thereof will hiss in his ears their condemnation of his acts, until he learns that fire never did, and never can destroy a truth.

When the venerable persecutor shuffles off the mortal coil, he will find duplicate copies of "THE VOICES" among all Spiritualists in the Summer Land, and we have no doubt he will be compelled to carry one with him constantly, until he comes to the conclusion that he made an egregious fool of himself in burning one copy.

How true it is, that the evil intent of others many times results in good. Arad Losee has given "THE VOICES" an extensive advertising, and the result will be, it will fall into the hands of many who otherwise would have remained in ignorance of its existence. Such being the case, we feel gently toward him, for he has been instrumental in bringing forth a potent agent, which, where it sows, invariably reaps a bounteous harvest. All hail, then, to Judas, who made a Savior, and to Arad Losee for his gratuitous advertising!

Everybody should read "THE VOICES." It sparkles with gems of truth, and its logic is like a two-edged sword. It never fails to have a liberalizing tendency on the mind, when read without preconceived prejudice, or without the chains of Orthodoxy to bind the soul and cramp the energies. Send for it. For sale at this office.

Which Violated the Divine Law?

Mrs. Powell, of Carroll county, Iowa, was kicked, and badly hurt, by a cow which she was milking. Thereupon a sapient editor informs his auditors that she was punished for "violating the Divine law by milking on Sunday." This clear-headed commentator is doubtless one of the tribe who, relying on their intimate acquaintance with the Divine purposes, announced, through most of the religious papers of the country, that Chicago was destroyed on account of her highly successful imitation of Sodom and Gomorrah.—*Chicago Tribune.*

No doubt she or the cow violated a "Divine law"—not because it was Sunday, or a holy day, but because the cow's teats were evidently sore. Mrs. Powell, knowing such to be the case, should have had respect for the "Divine law" in such cases made and provided, and inserted in the cavity that commences at the extremity of each teat and leads to the udder, a rubber hose of small dimensions, and allowed the milk therein to flow easily forth into the pail below. Mrs. Powell has undoubtedly exceedingly strong hands, the grip of the same being something like that of a

blacksmith's vice, and when adjusted around a cow's teat, in nine cases out of ten, violate all the "Divine laws" that relate to extracting the lactical fluid from the cow, and if she (the cow) don't furnish a penalty for that violation, she is no relative to Madame O'Leary's cow that kicked over the lamp that fired the shavings, that fired the straw, that fired the hay, that fired the barn, that furnished the sparks to burn Chicago. Had the "sapient editor" of the *Tribune* been conversant with the "Divine law" that relates to the bovine tribe, he could have expressed himself more clearly in this case. With the light that we already have on the subject, furnished by the nineteenth century, we are inclined to the opinion, that a "Divine law" was violated, but wherein we are unable to say—whether by Mrs. Powell or the cow. But we are frank to say that our sympathies, at present, are in favor of the cow. Should there be, however, any doubt in regard to the matter among our readers, they should send to this office at once for the "Universal Household Microscope," with the aid of which they can not only make a louse appear as large as a mud-turtle, but they can see how the "Divine law" has adapted it to live in the hair of a school-boy's head.

Moravia.

The interest in the manifestations at Moravia, Cayuga county, New York, still continues. A writer in the *Auburn Daily Bulletin*, a paper published in same county, speaks as follows:

This pleasant little village of 1,000 or 1,200 inhabitants, of whom a large majority laugh at the so-called Spiritual manifestations within its borders, is yet indebted to those "manifestations" for a notoriety which is fast becoming world-wide.

A few years ago Moravia was but little known outside of Cayuga county, and not at all out of the State, but to-day there is hardly a nook or corner of the United States, where it is not spoken of and the genuineness of its spirit seances discussed.

Pilgrims from all parts of the world visit it—some, we are told, even from California—and while very many of these come away fully believing that they have had communication with their deceased friends—have seen their faces and heard their voices—the remainder, with but few exceptions, we believe, admit that they have seen and heard inexplicable things.

This brief article is not written in the interest of Spiritualism, nor with a view to oppose it. The writer is inclined to believe, judging from what he has read, and from what he has heard from seemingly reliable sources, that there is such a thing as Spiritual communications; nor does it seem to him any more marvelous than many things which we certainly know.

It seems to us to require as much incredulity to disbelieve the high testimony which we have on this subject, as it does to disbelieve in "the spirits;" but the question of the genuineness of the Moravia manifestations is a question by itself. They may be false, and yet, Spiritualism true.

But is it not strange, if an ignorant woman can successfully impose upon and delude so many thousands of people, many of whom visit her with the express purpose of exposing her?

Is it proper for disbelievers in these things, to hoot at them, and deride those who examine into them? Is it not rather the part of a good man and a sensible man, to aid in throwing light on this subject, in order to expose the "manifestations," if false, or to verify them if true?

Spiritualists challenge inquiry, and if we understand the law aright, the Moravia medium, if she is a cheat, can be indicted and sent to the State Prison for obtaining money under false pretenses, as she most certainly ought to be.

Let there be light. Let it be understood whether Cayuga county is a focus of Spiritual light, or a center of Middle Age darkness.

Dr. E. B. WHEELOCK, of Pleasanton, Linn county, Kansas, is now at liberty to make engagements for lecturing anywhere in the eastern portion of Kansas or Western Missouri. He is an old and experienced Spiritual and philosophical lecturer. To hear him is his best recommendation.

The editor of the *New Covenant*, a Universalist paper, glancing at the various views entertained by the Unitarian church, becomes bewildered, and finds relief for his agitated brain, by quoting the following:

"Which, worming in and worming out, Leaves the beholder still in doubt, Whether the snake that made the track Was going in or coming back."

SISTER C. SHEAMS, of Ashfield, Mass., sent one dollar to Bro. Streight, the spirit artist. These little sums are gratefully received by him, and yet he much prefers to receive orders for paintings, so as to give him an opportunity to make recompense for all money received.

MR. PARTON says in his last paper on Thomas Jefferson, that while the Virginians were abusing New Englanders because the Puritans drowned witches and persecuted Quakers, they forgot that their own forefathers indulged in the same practices until quite as late a day. This reminds a correspondent of *The New York Times* of a singular fact in the history of South Carolina. There were laws against witchcraft upon the statute books of that state from the time of its original establishment until less than six months ago. The statutes have been repeatedly codified and revised,—once as recently as 1839,—but these laws were never eliminated, and the task of repealing them was left to the legislature of last winter. And what reflects more seriously upon the Carolinians is the fact that a supposed witch was executed in that state, nearly a century after the people of Salem had abandoned that kind of recreation. The descendants of the Puritans are entitled to all the comfort they can get out of these facts.—*Chicago Times*, June 27th.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.—Mr. Thomas Grant, of Shirley House, Maidstone, writes:—"There is a haunted house in the parish of Hunton, about five or six miles from Maidstone, which is attracting much attention. Rappings are heard on the ceiling of a room for about an hour every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, commencing at half past seven to eight o'clock. Crowds of people assemble before the house, and policemen have been employed to guard it, and if possible to find out the cause."

AN EXTRAORDINARY WOMAN.

Miss Susan King among the Heathen Chinese and the Cannibals—The Establishment of The Woman's Tea-Company.

S. S. JONES.—DEAR SIR:—Certainly all readers who are thoroughly conversant with the current literature of the day, are aware that there are many thousands of human beings of all grades of intelligence, and representing doubtless, all parts of the civilized and the uncivilized world, engaged with great assiduity in probing the bosom of our old Mother Earth in the region known as "the Diamond Fields of South Africa," stimulated and allured by the hope that their arduous toil will ultimately be richly rewarded more or less, by the discovery of that glittering crystallized carbonaceous gem, the diamond. Now, the diamond certainly is a most beautiful bauble, but has it any intrinsic value? Not one particle. All it is fit for is to adorn the crown which is worn by those most useless of all mankind, a monarch; and for his satellites and his satellites' satellites, and so on ad infinitum ad nauseam.

But without further circumlocution, I will present to your readers a true gem, taken from that plethoric "diamond-field," the *Cincinnati Commercial*; the editor of said paper being an adept searcher after and discoverer of true literary gems in fields outside of his own, as well as being a powerful original contributor himself thereto.

While digging in the field of his exchanges, he unearthed and quotes the following; and I, earnestly desiring to emulate so good an example, requote it for the benefit and entertainment of your wide-awake and intelligent readers.

LEON SNIVELY.

Xenia, Ohio.

"Miss Susan King prides herself on being the shrewdest real estate dealer in New York. That, she says, is decidedly her forte, and it has made her a rich woman. The other incidents of her life are more or less trivial in her estimation. Nevertheless I will relate a few, which we who live more commonplace lives may possibly find interesting. Miss Susan is intimately connected with the Woman's Tea Company, of which M^{rs}. Demorest is President. Two years ago she set sail for China to make arrangements for it, and last fall she returned. The company is now in operation, occupying the lower floor of M^{rs}. Demorest's pattern establishment. A few days ago, attracted by the cheerful and homelike appearance of a business house, I went in. The principal room is a long apartment, carpeted with a gay Brussels carpet, with camp-chairs conveniently disposed, and walls hung with all manner of Chinese pictures, fabrics and curiosities, and a few hands me cabinets containing choice selections, completed the adornment. Hither and thither young ladies were flitting about, whose appearance offers an additional attraction. In an easy chair drawn up to the register, sat Miss Susan, a plain, strong featured woman of fifty-five, dressed in a dark green silk, with her hair drawn tightly back into a microscopic knot behind. A woman who has given, during her active life, but little thought to the graces, but has cultivated her heart and brain sedulously, and is, to-day a shrewd sensible business woman, well off in this world's goods; full of humor, and brimming with the milk of human kindness.

"Sit down," says Miss Susan, "and take a cup. It doesn't make any difference if you don't like it. I don't believe you ever tasted tea before. This isn't Oolong or black tea, or English breakfast, or anything else but just tea."

One of the young ladies brought in a lacquered standard with a cavity, in which stood a cup sending forth a fragrant aroma, and around the edge of the standard lay little sweet crackers and lumps of sugar, the entire arrangement to be held in the hand. "Now, that's the way they bring it to you in China. So you've heard of me, have you? You heard Train speak of me in a lecture? Oh, that Train. I'll pull his ears for him. You see we went out on the vessel together, and we were the only two *unlike* on board."

Here Miss Susan paid G. F. T. a handsome compliment for his personal justice, generosity and morality.

"This was how I happened to go. I am an old woman now. The Lord has blessed me. I've got over so many up-town lots. I know, too, what a hard time women have getting along, and I thought I could afford to help them. Now, there's nothing that offers such profits as tea, and men are having it all to themselves. Think I, why can't woman take a share? We'll try it, anyway. So the company was organized. People said we'd fail. Well, what if we do? I won't need money much longer, and I can afford to sink a hundred thousand. Then, we were bound to start right; there must be no swindling and imposition in our company; so I went out to China myself to investigate this tea raising. I went first to Yokohama. The English Ambassador said it wouldn't be safe for me to go out into the country, and wanted me to take an escort. But I said, what would anybody want with an old woman like me? Give me a chair and some coolies and I'll get along. Well, I traveled all through Japan and over the island of Formosa, but I didn't like Japan tea, they hadn't body enough. Then I went down to China, but goodness! I wouldn't touch those teas prepared in the open ports. We think the Chinese don't know anything. Why, a Chinaman knows more in five minutes than a Yankee knows in a lifetime. There isn't a thing we can teach them, and as for cheating, we are in our A. B. C's by the side of the Heathen Chinese. So I determined to go into the interior. Everybody said I'd never come out alive, but pshaw! I know human nature. You know how it is in New England, South, West, everywhere—it's my church here and my church there. You may be very good, but if you only belong to my church you are better. Well, it's the same way in China. They murder the missionaries because they interfere with their religion. Now, the truth is I am an admirer of Confucius. I think he was one of the most wonderful men that ever lived, so I made a pilgrimage to his grave way up in the country where not a tea plant grows, paying my respects to the Josh houses by firing off a few fire-crackers every time I came to them. In that way I penetrated the interior where the face of a white woman was never seen before, and where no white face, except one or two Jesuits, had ever gazed. Not a human being lifted his hand against me; on the contrary, I always made friends, because I respected their religion. In this way I was able to visit all the tea districts, and I learned all about tea, I can tell you. In the first place, there is but one kind of tea. It grows on a bush something like a huckle-berry bush, and the natives pick the leaves and dry them in the sun. That is the tea which goes to Russia, and which the Chinese drink. There is no such thing as a tea plantation. The Government owns the land and farms it out in little patches about as large as this room to the natives. From these patches the tea is collected and taken to the open ports, and then, oh, dear! the cheating commences. There they smoke it and call it English breakfast, and fix it this way to

make Oolong, and that way to make black tea, preparing it and adulterating it for the different markets, and we have no more sense than to drink the stuff. Well, I thought when I was a little girl, in Salem, we used to have tea brought there, and the people believed it; why wouldn't they again? So I concluded to have nothing to do with the ports, and purchase directly from the interior tea as the natives use it, and I did. I got three hundred tons, and last week, let me tell you, I sold four thousand dollars worth. You saw those Chinese in here. Well, they come in every day to get a cup because they get the kind they get in China. And I say, 'Come in boys, whenever you want it.'

"Look here, Miss—," (calling to one of the young ladies,) "here's a man. Sit down, sir. Bring him a cup. It doesn't make any difference. Drink it. If a thing is bad, it's bad, and if it's good, it's good, and you'll know it soon enough. Drink it." And what could the man, who had come to make inquiries for his wife, do but submit.

"I satisfied myself about the tea, then I thought I'd see all that could be seen. I'd heard about a great town about forty miles up the river Ham. So I told the missionary I'd hire a boat to visit it; wouldn't they go along? Bless you, they almost got down on their knees and implored me not to go. Go with me! Nothing could induce them to throw their lives away so recklessly. 'Good bye,' I said, 'I am going anyway to-morrow morning. I'll come and see you when I come back.' So I started before day and reached the city in due time. Outside the walls was the Josh house. I went directly to it and fired off my crackers, and then intimated to the guard at the gate that I wanted to go in, and pointed to the great eight story Pagoda I was going to visit. He opened the gate, and bless you, before I got to the Pagoda I had such a crowd following me that the city officials had to come and keep them from trampling upon me in their curiosity. Then I went clear up to the top of the Pagoda, and, if you believe, the streets were black with the people that had gathered. I took out my handkerchief and waived it, and shouted 'Harrah!' with all my might, and they screamed back, and such a din you never heard. When I went down they treated me like a goddess, brought me tea and bird's nest soup, and the Governor, or whatever you call him, was there and escorted me to his place, where I was treated to delicacies, and shown all I wished to see. And such splendor my old eyes never saw before! When I left I made them understand that I did not want the crowd following me, and I was politely permitted to go alone. I came across a theatre, so I went in and was given a seat which I imagined was one of honor, for I declare I seemed to be a bigger show than the players. In the same way when I left the theatre I escaped the crowd, which a strange creature could not do in New York. When I was walking along I heard music, and, as I live if it wasn't Old Hundred. I must hunt that out, I said. So I followed the sound until I came to a Josh House. I came to a door and there were about a hun- red persons singing it, so I just sat down and sang too. It sounded good to my ears, I tell you. It seems that there were Christians converted by a Chinese who had studied with my missionary friend, and he could speak a little English. I got some tracts of him in the Chinese, and when I got back I said, 'Look here—I've been to a prayer-meeting up the river, and brought you some tracts.' You may imagine those people opened their eyes. They were the very tracts he had written himself. Don't tell me a woman cannot go just where she pleases, if she has good common sense. Why, look here: On the way home I wanted to touch at Sumatra, Borneo, and those islands, so I took a sailing vessel. When we were off Borneo we saw a cannibal boat, and said: 'Captain, give me a boat a d some sailors; I'm going out to see the cannibals!' The man was struck dumb; but I said: 'I've got enough in this boat to pay for it, and I'm going, so let down the boat.' But he said: 'Not a sailor will go with you; the men are not going to peril their lives if you don't care for yours.' But I insisted, and a Feji Islander on board offered to row me, and the sailors said they wouldn't be outdone by a woman, so I had my crew. We started away, and when we got near the cannibal boat, which was nothing but a log hollowed out, I put my handkerchief on a stick and held it up, and one that I suppose was a chief stood up in the prow of the boat, put a great hat on his head, and tied a piece of white cloth on his neck, and with so much of a toilette was ready to receive me. I made the sailors row near their boat; then I held out my hands to the cannibal, all the time smiling, showing him that I wanted to go in his boat. He put out his hands, and to the horror of my sailors I stepped in, and they rowed off to a safe distance. Well, I smiled and they smiled. I saw they had some fine fresh fish in a place they had fixed for keeping them, so I pointed to the fish and offered them money; but the savages didn't know what the money was. However they took every fish they had, motioned to my sailors to come near, and put them all in my boat, with as gullant an air as ever you saw. I didn't know what to give them. I had nothing on but a sort of loose, Chinese dress. But a happy thought came to me, and I sat down and took off my stockings! How it did please them! They held up one and then the other, grinning from ear to ear. And after I and my sailors rowed away, they waved my stockings as long as we could be seen. A Parsee merchant has since told me my escape was miraculous and could be only accounted for by their superstition. They undoubtedly took me for some spirit visiting them in human form, as I showed no signs of fear, but only friendliness. Ind ed, I have found everywhere that apparent recklessness of life is really a safeguard. Now look about here. I am safe and sound, and the business a success. We confine our operations to one kind of tea, viz: the pure sundried tea. This is emphatically a Woman's Tea Company. I give my capital and those who sell get the profits. I don't need any more money. In China a woman gets our tea for us. It is shipped here from the interior—the pure, genuine article. It is managed by women, our salesmen are women, our agencies are confined to women. No matter what business a woman is in, even if she is a milliner, she can buy and sell our tea. But at no price can a man touch it. Not for any particular dislike to man, but simply because they have the monopoly of most every variety of business. We think this will be a success, and that it will yield large profit, for we cannot afford to sell it for less than \$1.50 per pound, and as we give this profit to the agents, we intend those agents shall be women, and we hope that in this way many a poor, struggling woman shall acquire honorable competence. I am sorry for women. I've been poor. I know what they have to go through, and if I can help them I will. They talk about suffrage but money is the power they need. When they have money they can get suffrage or whatever else they want. To get money they must begin here [tapping her forehead.] They must commence in the school-house.

"Ah, parson, if I could only take my gold with me!" sighed a dying deacon to his pastor. "If you could, it might melt!" was the consoling reply.

Philadelphia Department.

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

The Shakers in Philadelphia.

During the month of May, James M. Peebles occupied our rostrum very satisfactorily, giving a course of able and eloquent lectures.

On the second Sunday we saw in the audience four members of the Shaker community. We learned that their names were Paulina Bates, Anna Dodson, Catharine Ferguson, and Samuel Hurlbut. They were from near Albany, N. Y. At the close of the lecture, we invited them to come up and speak and sing for us, which awakened quite an interest.

On Thursday, the 16th inst., the above, together with Elder Giles B. Avery, who had come on, held a meeting in our hall. There was a large audience assembled so that many were obliged to stand. They opened the meeting by singing a hymn, and by invitation we introduced them, saying, that Spiritualism was a religion broad and comprehensive enough to take in the good of all religions, past and present, and that although we, in Philadelphia, had known but little of the Shakers, yet we were satisfied that they were an earnest, sober, industrious people, living in communities and seeking to cultivate their higher natures. We felt confident that they filled an important niche in the great temple of humanity, and were glad that there was an opportunity afforded for them to present their views. After singing another hymn, Samuel Hurlbut gave a brief address, setting forth some of their views. He was followed by Elder Avery, who spoke at considerable length and quite ably, holding the attention of the audience for more than an hour. Then followed short addresses from the sisters, and the singing of several impressive hymns. We understand the mission of their friends to our city at this time, was to visit a small community of colored people that exist here. Several of these were present and joined in the singing. We present our readers with some of their hymns:

God is infinitely able
To sustain the weak and feeble,
And to meet the demands
Of the needy and poor.

Though they wade through deep waters,
Yet, by fasting, prayer and watching,
He will safely lead them
To an unbroken shore.

Oh Canaan, fair Canaan,
Golden days bespeak thy future;
I behold the thousand hills
Whereon graze thy flocks and herds.

All Israel lies before me
Clad in vestments of bright glory:
I hear their songs of victory,
And feel power from their words.

Another song is—

I feel my soul enwrap in love,
I feel the angels from above,
They're gathering near, our souls to bless
With peace, and love, and a cheerfulness.

I feel their influence all around,
I feel their power coming down;
Descending like the morning dew
To strengthen soul and body, too.

Another—

Let us grasp the hands of the angels,
As they spread their shining wings,
They are singing "Come up higher,
Reach after heavenly things."

There immortal joys await
The faithful Zion traveler
And the Sun of glory shines,
Forever and forever.

As many of our readers may be like myself, unacquainted with the peculiar views of these people, we present a few extracts from their "Compendium":

Shaker societies always originate in the spiritual part of a cycle. There is first, a general agitation of the spiritual elements; out of that arises a movement of the religious elements in man. This leads to the formation of one or more Shaker societies according to the order of the cycle that is revolving. Therefore the Shakers now confidently expect the time has nearly arrived for a further extension of their order.

The natural and spiritual worlds are now coming into closer relations with each other, and the spiritual faculties in man, which have for a long time been in a state of dormancy, are being aroused and developed very extensively; and soon the religious nature of man will be quickened, and religious revivals will commence on a grander scale than have ever been witnessed; for they will rest upon the basis of and spread over, the ground prepared by *Spiritualism*.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century Spiritualism broke out on the continent of Europe, and was followed by most remarkable religious revivals, out of which arose the "French prophets." These were wrought upon in a very extraordinary manner, not only in their minds, but also in their physical systems. They had visions and trances, and were subject to violent agitations of body. Men and women, and even little children were so exercised, that spectators were struck with great wonder and astonishment. Their powerful admonitions and prophetic warnings were heard and received with reverence and awe.

They continued their prophetic warnings (under much persecution) for several years, over the greater part of Europe, and in the year 1706, the revival extended to England, where it spread far and wide.

About the year 1747, some members of the society of Quakers, who had become subjects of the revival, formed themselves into a society. [The history of Friends or Quakers shows that they were a people who had many spiritual manifestations and warnings—the name Quaker, given in derision, was from the fact that when "deeply ex-cised" and r the power and influence of the spirits, they quaked and "trembled mightily." Editor.] Of this little society Ann Lee and her parents were members.

This infant society practiced no forms, and adopted no cre-ds, as rules of faith or worship, but gave themselves up to be led and guided entirely by the operations of the spirit of God. Their meetings were powerful and animated, and were attended with remarkable signs and operations, and with the spirit of prophecy and Divine revelation.

Sometimes, after sitting awhile in silent meditation, they were seized with a mighty trembling, under which they would often express the in-ignation of God against all sin. At other times they were exercised with singing, shouting and leaping with joy, at the near prospect of salvation. They were often exercised with great agitation of body and limbs, shaking, running, and walking the floor, with a variety of other operations and signs, swiftly passing and repassing each other, like clouds agitated with a mighty wind. The exercises, so strange in the eyes of the beholders, brought upon them the appellation of *Shakers*, which has been their most common name to this day. They continued to increase in light and power, with occasional additions to their numbers till about the year 1770, when, by a special manifestation of Divine light, the present testimony of salvation and eternal life was fully revealed to Ann Lee, and by her to the society, by whom she, from that time, was acknowledged as *Mother in Christ*, and by them was called *Mother Ann*.

In 1774, Mother Ann received a revelation, directing her to repair to America. She and others

came. They settled in the woods seven miles from Albany, where is now located the village of Watervliet. Communities of good has never been so successfully accomplished as by the Shakers.

Shakerism takes possession and entire cognizance of the whole man; and instead of attending solely to his spiritual necessities for only one day in seven, it cares for and supplies all his temporal, as well as spiritual wants, seven days in the week.

There are about three thousand Shakers in America in eighteen different societies.

It is now some fifty years since the eighteen societies discontinued the use of swine as food.

Alcoholic preparations are not drunk or used, except under medical advisement. With the Shakers the objects of dress are modesty, health, and comfort; and unless one or the other of these objects can be promoted, they never change their fashion.

Entire sexual purity, temperance in food and in all other things, plainness and simplicity of dress, neatness, industry, peace, charity to the poor, and a prudent, saving economy in all temporal things, are among the virtues inculcated and practiced in the various fraternities of Shakers, wherever located; all of which greatly tend to promote the physical health and material prosperity of these united societies, and to insure the good will of their fellow creatures, and the blessing of Divine Providence upon their labors.

City Entertainments.

[For the week ending July 6th.]

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—No. 159 and 161 South Halsted street, near Madison, C. R. Gardner, sole manager. The entertainment at this favorite place of resort this week consists of the production, with entire new scenery and beautiful effects, of Bartley T. Campbell's THROUGH FIRE. Regular matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. Three performances on Fourth of July. At 11 A. M., BLACK-EYED SUSAN; afternoon, at 2 o'clock, TICK-ET-OF-LEAVE MAN; evening, at 8 o'clock, THROUGH FIRE.

GLOBE THEATER.—No. 56 and 58 Desplaines street, Col. J. H. Wood, proprietor. During this week the patrons of the Globe will be favored with the Great Military Spectacular Drama, which has been months in preparation, THE LANCERS. It is intensely thrilling and interesting in its effects. Extra matinee July 4th.

NIXON'S CIRCUS.—Clinton street, between Washington and Randolph. This is the last week of CINDERELLA, which will be played every afternoon and evening by 75 beautiful children, in conjunction with all the acts of the incomparable circus company. Last week of the Royal Yeddo Japanese Troupe, whose astounding feats have produced the most unqualified admiration and enthusiasm.

WEST SIDE OPERA HOUSE.—Corner of Jefferson and Randolph streets, S. Myers, manager. This is the first week of the world-renowned Japanese Tommy, as PAREPPA AND THE BARBER'S BOY. Johnson & Powers, and the Star company in an entire new programme. On the Fourth of July there will be a grand matinee. This is a favorite place of resort for those who love first-class fun.

Passed to Spirit Life.

[Notices for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

Passed to spirit-life from Paris, Ill., Sarah Agnes Curl, of tubercular consumption, daughter of Dr. J. and S. P. Curl, June 10th, 1872. Aged 15 years and 2 months.

Daniel Hendling, of Texas, Kalamazoo county, Mich., passed to spirit-life June 18th, 1872, at a ripe old age. His faith in Spiritualism caused him to look with fond anticipation to the meeting of loved ones gone before. Funeral services were conducted by Mrs. L. E. Drake.

Mr. Gerret Radford, of Peterboro, N. Y., passed to spirit-life on the 14th of June having resided in earth-life seventy-one years and four months.

The force of church influence did not prevent him from doing his own thinking, nor hinder him from speaking his own views. He had been an admirer of Thomas Paine many years, but lately had expressed himself pleased with the views of Spiritualists, and crossed the path with their expectations.

The writer administered the comforts of our beautiful faith to the multitude of friends and mourners, from 1 Cor. xv, 15 and 49. Text: "And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." A. E. DORV.

To our dear patient mother, Jane C. Palmer, who passed through the golden gates of change, June 6th, 1872, these lines are affectionately inscribed:

Drear was the watch that tempest night;
Our hearts were well nigh breaking,
For well we knew that sleeping face
Would know no earthly waking.

Her sails were set for unknown seas,
Past all our fond endeavor;
And free and full the tide flowed on
To shores of life forever.

And low the gray mists wrapped the shore,
And mournful winds were wailing
Through cypress trees, as slowly down
Our treasure bark went sailing.

And so through silent hours we watched,
That seemed like years of sorrow,
Till on the tempest's murky edge
Uprose the clouded morrow.

And then we knew her boat had touched
The far-off golden gleaming,
Of heavenly sands and bowers of rest,
Too fairly for earthly dream'ng.

For deep within our mournful souls
A spirit hark was ringing;
The dual chords of life that thrilled
To unseen angels singing.

While soft as pearls the mist dissolved
Before the angel token.
And lo! a golden trail of light
Lay o'er the waves unbroken.

Dear loving heart, thy goal is won!
Why should we weep, repining
To know the brow where thorns have pressed
Joy's immortal gates are twining?

These mournful years will fade at last;
Heaven's shore is growing nearer,
And every earthly light that dies
But shows the vision clearer.

We wait in hope till that glad morn,
When o'er the mystic river
Thy welcoming hands our own shall clasp,
Love linked in peace forever.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY

THE KEY

THAT UNLOCKS THE GOLDEN GATES OF THE FUTURE.

It demonstrates the fact of a future existence beyond the possibility of a doubt, by appealing to one of the strongest of all our senses—that of sight. The investigation to which it has been submitted during the last twelve years, BOTH SCIENTIFIC AND LEGAL, together with the endorsement of thousands of respectable people who have had pictures taken of their spirit friends that they fully and unquestionably recognize, stamps it as a truth, and gives us a

MOST POWERFUL ARGUMENT in favor of our beautiful philosophy.

Mr. W. H. Mumler, of Boston, is the medium through whom these beautiful manifestations were first given.

His arrest, a few years since, in New York, for taking these pictures, his subsequent trial and honorable acquittal rendered him at once famous. Consequently his pictures have been sought for from every quarter of the civilized world. Thus he is scattering broadcast "seed that shall spring up and bear fruit," and doing an amount of good which is incalculable.

Mr. Mumler has made us SPECIAL AGENTS for the sale of his interesting pictures.

As many who have pictures taken do not care to give publicity to them, Mr. M. is somewhat limited in the number of specimens; but we append a description of some of those which he thinks the parties will not object to being distributed.

This is a beautiful picture, and shows his spirit daughter, holding a flower to his face. This picture is fully recognized, and was the means of converting him and his family to the Spiritual faith.

The spirit form represents "Mabel Warren."

This young lady was assistant editor of his paper and being fatherless was drawn to him as to a father. Mr. D. is a gentle man of wealth and high social position, and his full endorsement of this picture, makes it complete and satisfactory. A picture of "Mabel Warren" taken while in the form, and kindly furnished by Mr. Dow, for co-operation, can be had if desired.

The spirit here represented is Mr. Glover's mother, and fully recognized by all that knew her. In comparing this with a picture of Mrs. G., which parties can have if desired, the likeness is seen to be every remarkable and satisfactory.

Spirit form of a young lady to whom Mr. W. was engaged. She brings with her an anchor of flowers, emblem of hope, in the cross-bar of which is her correct name. This picture is fully recognized, and a beautiful test.

Spirit cousin and brother. This picture is fully recognized, and is certainly a very remarkable one, inasmuch as it shows the power of spirits in moving tangible objects, the child having raised a portion of the sister's dress.

Spirit child, fully recognized. This picture is a remarkable one, inasmuch as it shows the power of spirits in moving tangible objects, the child having raised a portion of the sister's dress.

Spirit child sitting in its mother's lap. This picture is also a most excellent test, not only from its being readily recognized, but from the correct name of the child, which plainly appears in a wreath of flowers in its lap.

This is certainly a most wonderful picture. The sitter was impressed to place her arms in the attitude of no singing child, while behind stands the spirit husband, and places the spirit babe in its mother's arms.

This young man is a medium. Before sitting for this picture three spirits offered to show themselves, representing Europe, Africa, and America. As will be seen by the picture, the promise was fulfilled. Also a picture was taken while entranced, and shows his double.

This lady is a very excellent medium. The spirit is her controlling guide, and is remarkable for its plainness and the manner of coming.

SPRIT CHILD. This is a very excellent picture, the lady being a medium. The articles belonging to the child were placed on the table, while the sister held in one hand a bouquet of flowers, requesting mentally that the spirit would rest its hand on it. As will be seen the request was granted.

BRETHOVEN. This is a very beautiful picture, and shows the spirit of the great German composer standing behind the sitter and bending over her. He seems to be playing a lyre, (emblem of music) composed of flowers in her lap.

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ARE

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Man's Moral and Physical Nature.

Let us ~~be~~ be ready to venerate the good and noble which abounds everywhere in all nature; but firmly and constantly refuse to venerate what we can not comprehend, because we can not tell whether it is worthy of veneration until we do thoroughly understand it. It is far safer to pursue this method than to per-

Letter from Brooklyn, New York.

A few years ago I was sitting under the preaching of this same clergyman, but under the light of Spiritualism, I have outgrown, by far, such narrowness of conception, and I am not afraid to reach out for truth towards any part of the Universe. I am now studying God's great bible of Nature, and have found such love and sweetness and illumination therein,

In 1977, Mother and daughter moved to a small house in Galesburg, and by then had gained

Lowell, Massachusetts.

I remain,
J. M. FLETCHER.

Startling Manifestations.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
Chicago, June 25, 1872.

**To Spiritualists, and all Lovers of
Truth and Liberty.**

Tower Hill, Ill., May 30, 1872.

BROCTON, N. Y.—Henry Patch writes.—Any medium speaker, or believer in the Harmonial Philosophy, whose vocation should call them this way, by forwarding a letter a few days in advance to Henry Patch, Brocton, N. Y., stating the train that will bring them there, will be cordially met at the depot, welcomed to a few days of rest, and be free recipients of the productions of our plain country home of plenty.

Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

God the Father—God the Son—God the Holy Ghost.

Bro. R. B. Hall, of Oakland, Cal., sent us a Letter of Inquiry, which our readers will find published in No. XIII, Vol. 12, of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

We quote the following lines, which embody the gist of his letter, and also forms the base of, and is really the keynote in the Royal Arch of the Christians' Faith:

There is but one living true God, everlasting, without body, parts or passion; of infinite power, wisdom and goodness, the maker and preserver of all things, both visible and invisible. And in unity of this Godhead, there be three persons of one substance, power, and eternity,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

On one occasion we asked an eminent divine, to explain the above quotation from the thirty-nine articles of faith, and his reply to us was as follows:

"It needs no explanation, sir; it is a self evident fact, and contains the full explanation in itself."

"But, Dr. R., that will not do," we replied. We are not of the family of young robins, to shut our eyes and open our mouth, and swallow whatever the old bird may drop in. We want to know precisely what is meant in this declaration of faith."

"It means just what it reads, sir, and you are required to believe it, or you will lose your soul. Good morning, sir."

We are now called on by Bro. H.—to answer the very question we asked Dr. R.—We are somewhat older now, and have thought carefully on these subjects, and we have reached the following conclusions:

First: "There is but one living true God." The use of the adjective true would indicate that there were false gods,—claiming equal power with the true God, and that somebody had detected the impostor, hence, found the "true God," and that he was a living God, "everlasting;" that is, without beginning of days or ending of time, "without body, parts or passion;" that is, no substance, or feeling, or sympathy; can not be excited; can not suffer; can not feel the divine elements of love, or hate, "of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness;" that is to say, he does feel, knows the power of love and hate. "God is love," says one of old; that is, God can be excited, has a passion—is excited by the beautiful. "Esau have I hated; Jacob have I loved," says God. And yet in the article referred to, the declarations of God and John are set aside as of no avail. "Let me alone in my wrath," says God to Moses in the 22d chapter of Exodus, and yet he has no passion. "The maker and preserver of all things, both visible and invisible;" that is to say, nothing, out of nothing, something remains or there is a body that has no body, yet is a body, and that this nobody is somebody, and that this somebody is nobody. Again, that this body is a present, visible, invisible substance, a something divided into three bodies or parts, and yet one and indivisible, ever present everywhere, as expressed in these words: "And in unity of this Godhead, there be three persons of one substance, power, and eternity,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

We do not wonder that Bro. Hall thinks "this article somewhat mixed."

Let us suppose that at 8 o'clock, P.M., Greenwich time, on a given day, God proposes to be in St. Louis, Chicago, New York City, London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Jerusalem, Bombay, and San Francisco, for the purpose of converting nine sinners, and God being "of one substance," must be present in nine places at the same time, and according to the declaration of the church, he is present, hence, one substance or person is in nine different places at one and the same time.

The article is full of emptiness,—an inanity, full of absurdities, and is fully summed up in this one name "Nothing." "Nothing" is "without beginning of days or ending of time," and is "from everlasting to everlasting," having neither "body, parts or passion," neither loves or hates, is empty, and void, and invisible, hence we conclude that this article of faith has defied nothing into a shadowy ghost,—sitting everywhere invisible, on vacancy. It is a hole in nothing, or to be more explicit, it is nothing in a hole with nothing around it.

The best illustration of this article of faith, is the "New Departure," at Troy, N. Y., last year, under the head of Victoria Woodhull, under the influence of "The Modern Joan of Arc."

The next best illustration in our mind, is "A settled speaker, without an original thought to utter, without a place in which to speak or an audience to speak to."

And the whole subject may be compared to a nest of young robins, blind and featherless, holding open their mouths ready to swallow whatever the old bird may drop in.

Spiritualism presents a broader field for thought or view of God, and in the language of Jesus, "God is a spirit," and everywhere present; God the law, and man the phenomenon of the law, and we know of nothing under the heavens, or in the heavens, that can be beyond the comprehension of a "first-class" human brain or mind. To Abraham, God was a man to be persuaded, and did eat, drink, and butter—18th chapter of Genesis. To Jacob, God was an Athlete, and not equal to Jacob in the arts of a wrestler, and could not prevail against Jacob. With Moses, God was a controlling spirit, whom Moses was very familiar with. To Jesus, God was a spirit. To us, God is the law, and man the phenomenon of the law. And we now ask the question, Did God make man, or man make God, considered from the Hebraic standpoint? Who will answer?

NOTICE.—We will lecture at Wheaton, Ill., in the Universalist Church, on Wednesday evening, July 10th, commencing at 8 o'clock. Subject: "For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down into hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment."

—2 Peter ii: 4.

Let the house be ready, and let the people come out and hear. Bro. Milo Portor will please see that everything is in order, for our God is not a God of confusion, but of order.

The Pope threatens to come to an open rupture with the Italian Government and to leave Rome, should the Convent Establishment be enforced. He has directed Cardinal Antonelli to make a formal protest against Victor Emmanuel's action, to the various foreign Powers. It is not, however, probable that much practical benefit to the Papal cause will accrue from the appeal, as the Catholic

Powers of Europe, generally, have their hands full at home, and even the eldest child of the church—France, zealous as M. Thiers declares her to be—would hardly venture upon a war with Italy, in which the latter would be sure of Germany's support.

Quarterly Meeting.

According to announcement, our meeting occurred at Geneseo, on the 15th and 16th of June.

Progress in numbers, interest and value, has been plainly discernible in our meetings from the first. Two well occupied conferences were held—one on Saturday afternoon, and one on Sunday morning.

A business meeting preceded the lectures Sunday afternoon and evening.

The lectures of Mrs. Parry—four in number—not only filled the bill of expectation, but carried the hearers a long way up the ladder of surprise and admiration.

The subjects treated were practical; the language unexceptionable; the classical finish remarkable; the logic unanswerable.

The lectures were at once a treat and a benefit; and the speaker was promptly engaged to speak at the next quarterly, to be held at Sheffield, September 14th and 15th, 1872.

The selected poems were fine, and the whole was enlivened by the beautiful music discoursed by A. Lieberknight, from one of his new instruments.

C. H. Dory, Secretary.

Fruitful Results from a Spirit Prescription.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago—Dear Madam:—About twelve months since I wrote you in regard to my wife's health. She was very sick and feeble at that time. You sent her a spirit prescription, which almost restored her to perfect health, and the result was a fine boy!

Very Truly Yours,
ROBERT PATTERSON,
Louisville, Ky., July 19, 1872.

Testimonial for Dr. A. B. Severance, the Well-known Psychometrist.

MR. A. B. SEVERANCE—DEAR SIR:—I enclose \$1.00, for which I wish a Psychometric delineation by you, of my future as regards financial and domestic affairs, and as to changes of location, if any; whether you can see any particular calling for me, and what it is like. A little of the past, too, would be desirable. I have consulted you previously, both in person and by letter, and can bear testimony to your foreknowledge as afterwards shown by facts, and feel compelled to seek your aid further, as it has been in the past a means of comfort to me.

Yours Respectfully,
JOSEPH W. RIDGE,
Cherokee, Kansas, June 13th, 1872.

Special Notices.

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SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.—Copies of Spirit Likenesses can be had at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of thirty cents.

Any book or treatise published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, touching on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, Liberal Thought and Progress, can be obtained through return mail by remitting to Dr. Allen Pence, Terre Haute, Ind., box 54, at the publisher's price.

Mr. Lyman C. Howe,

Trance Speaker, will lecture before the First Society of Spiritualists, at their Hall, No. 99 West Randolph St., every Sunday morning and evening, at 10½ A.M., and 7 P.M.

Cured and Rid of a Bad Habit.

This is to certify that I was an invalid, very bad off, and a most inveterate user of tobacco. I applied to the celebrated healing medium, Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, for relief. I am happy to certify to the act that her diagnosis of my case was perfectly correct, and her prescriptions speedily restored me to health.

For my inveterate longing for tobacco, she prescribed her celebrated tobacco antidote; one box of which, costing me only two dollars, has entirely destroyed all appetite for the poisonous weed in any form. Indeed, I feel like a new man.

I am a Frenchman by birth, and now engaged at the Cornell Watch Factory, Chicago. I most respectfully advise all who would be healed of their maladies, or cured of the filthy and injurious habit of using tobacco, to address Mrs. Robinson for a prescription.

Chicago, Ill. ERNEST E. SANDAZ.

New Advertisements.

JUNIUS UNMASKED, or THOMAS PAINE the Author of the LETTERS OF JUNIUS. A demonstration. Over 300 coincidences, and not one incompatible fact. 335 pages. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

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TERMS.—Delineation of character, with hints in regard to occupation and health, \$2.00; diagnosis of disease, with advice and prescription, \$2.00; delineation, diagnosis and prescription—worth more than its cost to any one in health or sickness, \$3.00 and two three-cent stamps.

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